PACIFIC Leatherneck

DRIVE ON NAHA

Okinawa fight in pictures . . *page 5*

AUGUST 1, 1945
Issued 1st and 15th
10c

SOUND OFF

WRONG SERGEANT?

Sirs:
Received the April 1 Pacific Edition and would like to call your attention to a slight error of identity. Upon reading the article "Praise The Lord, The Ammunition Passed Us" by SSgt. Bob Wilton, I was surprised to find the name of the turret gunner, who, incidentally, is now Stateside.

The picture to which I refer is that of the radiomen and gunner on watch. The gunner is SSgt. H. N. Eastman, tail gunner, not TSgt. Don A. Crane.

SSgt. Harry N. Eastman
Pacific

● *Bob Wilton isn't around right now to give us any more dope on this, but we don't want to slight either sergeant. —Eds.*

ROTATION A LA USMC

Sirs:
I would like to make a little suggestion about sea-going Marines. I think that they should all be returned veterans, who have a period of six months or more in the States and are about to be shipped out again.

That would give the Marines who want line duty a chance at it. It would also give these so-called Marines who are just out of boot camp an opportunity to find out what comradeship, and the rugged part of the Marine Corps is like. If that isn't possible, at least put in charge of them a gunny sergeant with at least 16 years of service, who has been around the world a little.

PFC Alex Davitch
Pacific

ARMY REQUEST

Sirs:
Reading The Leatherneck always has afforded me a great deal of pleasure, and although I've been a member of the army for some time, I must congratulate you on a fine, "he-man" magazine, with a lot of "guts' in reading matter. I enjoy it thoroughly.

My hobby is the collecting of shoulder patches of the armed forces in all its branches. At present I am anxious to obtain some of the Marine Corps shoulder patches of the various Marine divisions and units now active.

I am sure there are some Marines who are interested in this hobby, too, and would be glad to exchange any duplicates they may no longer have any use for, or may have some old shoulder patches they no longer want.

Many of my duplicates I send to disabled or convalescent servicemen in hospitals throughout the country to encourage them in a hobby that will afford them a great deal of pleasure and help to pass the time. I have sent a number to the Marine Base Hospital at San Diego.

Would you care to give this a short mention in your Sound Off column in order to contact those members of the Marine Corps who might be interested.

PFC Eugene V. Ernst
Fort Knox, Ky.

● *We'll be glad to forward any spare patches that are sent to Sound Off. Patches may be purchased from Illers Military Shop, La Jolla, Cal.—Eds.*

PERAMBULATIN' PUP

Sirs:
On page 27 of the March 1 issue you have a picture of a Marine and a dog. I wish to make a correction in the statement that's under that photo.

The dog's name is "Blackie" and he was brought to that island by Marines of this squadron. At no time was he ever in Jap hands. His mama and papa were K-nines. We had two, but had to leave one behind when we went to that island.

Right now we do not know who has him. We have searched the island for "Blackie" and are of the opinion that some pilot or crew passing by has taken him as a pet.

I hope he has a good home—he had one here. I think that fellows who pick up stray pups should find out whether or not the dog belongs to someone before taking him off, or maybe it's just TS to their way of seeing it.

Corp. Murray M. DeRonde
Pacific

PIN-UP PLEA

Sirs:
Your May 1 issue of the Pacific Edition was a great improvement over the past issues.

The reason we liked it so well was because of those beautiful, morale-lifting pin-up girls.

Never before in Leatherneck have we seen such adorable girls as we have on the home front. We hope that in the future we will see more of this feminine appeal decorating the pages. I know all of the fellows join me in what I have said.

PFC "Red Dog" Smith
Pacific

EAR BANGERS INSTITUTE

Sirs:
The following is an excerpt taken from the "Scuttlebutt" section of the bulletin board of the Marine Detachment, *USS Gen. Omar Bundy:*

The Ear Bangers Institute
Founded 1 May 1945
by PFCs Workman & Karpowitz

Have you not often wished that you, too, could bang ears with finesse and confidence, with the realization that each time you come in contact with your superiors you make points? Not just two or three paltry points, but 10 or 20 at each meeting, day in and day out. EAR BANGERS INSTITUTE has been instructing many of your shipmates in the Marine Detachment the gentle art of banging ears. *They* are progressing; why not you?? A few lessons each day will bring the desired results . . . furloughs, extra liberty, fewer watches and many untold advantages await you. *Enroll today!*

Professors Workman and Karpowitz will be more than happy to start you on the road to success, and a higher plane of living during your cruise. This knowledge will also be of great help to you in later years, when, after 30 glorious years in this most esteemed of the armed forces, you are discharged.

Do not delay! Enroll now! Ask about our point system so that each time you use this newly acquired art you may follow the number of points you are certain to accumulate. Remember our slogan:

Have no worries, have no fears.
Take our course in banging ears!

I would certainly appreciate having this published, as our EBI is in desperate need of enrollees. Thank you very much.

PFC Jesse C. Clay
Pacific

● *Address applications for the Institute in care of Sound Off. We will see that they are forwarded immediately.—Eds.*

NEWPORT CHOW

Sirs:
Your June issue was excellent, we thought, except for one article in Sound Off.

We challenge TSgt. Fred G. Lewis to let us know where the good chow came from at Newport, Ark. If there was only one half a GI can of garbage, we would like to know how a civilian could profit by making a daily trip to the base with a medium-sized truck, which he almost always took back halfway or more loaded with chow (for his hogs) that had been disposed of for various reasons:

1—A large per cent of the French toast and pancakes were pretty badly burned and placed on the chow line.

2—A lot of meat dishes, when placed on chow line, were burned on one side and hardly touched on the other side. Or else they tasted as though they'd been boiled. The above statement includes the cooking of fish, which TSgt. Lewis praised.

In other words, we are saying that the chow at the Newport, Ark., mess hall was not nearly as good as claimed by TSgt. Lewis. We have eaten lots of good chow at many Marine bases, but we fail to see where the good chow came from at Newport, Ark.

If the mess hall set-up has changed since our departure, we offer our apologies to TSgt. Lewis and his buddies.

PFC James Barker
and six others
San Diego, Cal.

MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

Sirs:
TSgt. Lewis' letter in the June issue of your magazine, referring to the excellence of Marine chow, can certainly be backed up by at least one GI of the army air forces. Here is the story.

I was nose gunner on a B-24 (Army) when the bombers first started to stage their missions out of Betio Island, Tarawa Atoll, way back in December, 1943. We took off from our bases in the Ellice Islands and were supposed to refuel and chow-up at Betio before pulling a mission on the Marshalls.

Well, the gasoline was always there but the food was *not* always there. One night when my crew landed too late for chow, we were sitting unhappily by our plane eating K-rations, when a group from an anti-aircraft outfit came over and invited us to their messhall. Expecting the usual "Seabee" fare, we went over anyhow, for any kind of a hot meal was more promising than K rations. You can imagine our surprise and pleasure when we were served real honest-to-goodness Irish stew with real meat, and fresh bread. The coffee and pie that topped off the meal really knocked us speechless. But what pleased us the most was the genuine friendliness of that bunch of Marines. When we left we had a standing invitation to come again, and so we did until somebody "higher - up" told us to keep out. You can bet that there was at least one army bomber crew, bombing Wotje that night, that had full stomachs and a happy digestion.

I never did find out what Marine outfit that was, but I understand that the famous "Easy" Battery was there at the time, and perhaps it was they.

So if any of those boys happen to read this, it'll let them know that at least one GI hasn't forgotten the hospitality and the wonderful chow of the Marine Corps.

SSgt. William T. Neill
Madison, Wis.

MOUSE-CHIEF IN PACIFIC

Sirs:
This story is about the fastest creature on four feet.

We are on a Pacific island, and everything is going fine for us here except for one thing. There is a little mouse that comes into our tent every night and eats the buns that we work for all day. We don't mind that, but when he starts chewing on the only khaki shirt I own, that's going too far.

He's so fast it isn't funny; he uses raider tactics—strictly a hit-and-run. I've lain awake in my sack until two in the morning at times and seen him double timing across my chest.

What I'd like to ask you Eds. is not how can I get this guy to stop eating the buns, but just to sack in without waking us up.

Pvt. Fred M. Kelly
Pacific

ADD BUGS BUNNY

Sirs:
In reference to your article, "All About Bugs," in the March 15 issue of The Leatherneck, there is no mention of the original finder and owner of "Bugs Bunny." The publicized bunny was found by one Sgt. Warren Beavers of the 2nd Jasco. He is now awaiting his discharge from one of our Stateside hospitals.

Corp. L. H. Baker
Pacific

THE WATER CURE

Sirs:
Saw a recent Leatherneck with a suggestion for a column of ideas on beating the Japs, so I'd like to submit this idea.

The navy has portable pumps capable of pumping several hundreds of gallons of water a minute. Most Jap caves have two or three entrances, so a couple of pumps, pumping sea water from the ocean into any two entrances should force the Japs out with a large reduction in the usual loss of life of Marine personnel.

In the event more hose were needed, each ship in the assault force could provide a few 50-foot sections without putting a strain on their fire-fighting equipment.

The ground won't absorb the water at a very fast rate because the caves are dug out of clay and rock, and, in some places, a sandstone formation.

The salt water will damage their weapons and ammunition and once the water starts pouring into the tunnels the Japs won't be able to fire out at the Marines because they won't even be able to stand up against the force of the water.

Then after you get a few gallons of water in the tunnels, pour several drums of gasoline or fuel oil on top of the water and ignite it with a flame thrower. The water will carry the gasoline throughout the caves and the Japs will have to surrender or die. This should prove especially effective on small islands like Iwo Jima.

It wouldn't cost much in time or effort to try this out, and if it works as well in practice as it seems in theory, a lot of my buddies won't be getting killed and wounded trying to get those ——— out of the tunnels.

Corp. Charles A. Bagley
Pacific

● *Looks like an excellent opportunity for the Japs to go soak their heads. — Eds.*

FIRST MARINE AMMO COMPANY

Sirs:
The First Marine Ammo Company, having served 18 months overseas, wishes to reveal to the public the fine progress that we are making while serving in the field. We have participated in one major operation, in which countless times we were harassed by enemy fire. Air raids were a constant menace, even while we were in the field performing our duties.

Our job is to receive, segregate, store and issue ammunition to

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the front lines. Sometimes it calls for many a back-breaking hour to fill a shipment on time. But never have we failed. If anything, we have been ahead of schedule.

We have received letters of commendation from both the army and navy for our efficiency in doing our job well. We, the members of the First Marine Ammo Company, feel proud of the high standard that we have worked so hard to attain. We have endured hardships the same as the men on the front lines; we work hand in hand.

Not only are we trained to handle ammunition; we are trained to handle ourselves in combat as well.

We hope that this brief statement will answer the question that has so frequently been asked, "What are the colored Marines doing overseas?"

Corp. William P. Jackson
Pacific

NAVY STRAIGHT DOPE

Sirs:
I beg to differ with your recognition experts in their description of the boat pictured in the lower left hand corner of page 13 in the February 15 Pacific Edition. It is stated that the boat pictured is a fishing craft. I think a closer inspection will reveal that it is an LCVP. They are versatile enough, but I think they are used more for landing the amphibs than for fishing.

Also, on page 38 it is stated that Gus Sonnenberg died of "natural causes" in the navy. I should think that would depend on what is considered natural cause. Couldn't it be the chow?

MoMM3c R. L. Clark
Pacific

MARINES' MOTHER

Sirs:
We have received recently the April Leatherneck. In the Sound Off column I noticed a "Marine Mother" letter which truly pictured the spirit of all mothers of Marines.

I would like to tell you a story of a Marines' mother. She is not my mother, but to me and countless other Marines, she is our "adopted Ma."

She edits the Women's Auxiliary section of the Marine Corps League Bulletin, and since the entry of the US into war, she personally has sold $10,000,000 in war bonds.

She and her auxiliary purchased a new, top grade electric record player and a library of records, which were sent overseas to our battery.

Our "ma" writes at least 60 letters a week to her Marines. She lives in Kansas City, Mo., and never has failed to meet a train carrying Marines passing through that terminal. Through her efforts, never has a Marine in Kansas City on furlough, or any passing through, got into trouble when occasionally they have stepped a bit out of line. She has her little way with the MPs and SPs, and always has such cases turned over to her, after which she invites her "bad boys" to her home for a good home-cooked meal, and if they have nowhere to stay, takes them in and arranges wholesome, clean parties for them. If they are lonely, she gets dates for the boys with very nice young ladies.

I have two young sons in a Kansas City orphans' home. Ma found out that the little fellows were lonely, so she began paying them visits, bringing them presents, and taking them to shows, picnics, parties, etc. During this time, her heart went out to the boys who are really orphans, and she hustled the women's auxiliary of the MCL together and now the orphans all have regular picnics and outings.

Her goodness and unselfish actions speak for themselves and nothing we, her boys, could say would be fitting enough. However, to all of us she is truly a saint.

Our Ma's name: Mrs. Ethel Dunbar. My chief reason for writing this is to show that there are still good Christian American women at home, who haven't forgotten the boys.

Corp. Raymond F. Dutchik
Pacific

USO AGAIN

Sirs:
In reference to your letter, "USO Gumbeat," in your March 1 issue, you were waiting for more comments, which I'd like to give.

I wholly agree with PFC James A. Salway. This is my beef, and, I believe, that of many others. Maybe this will convince you.

Pvt. M. Caicirieu
Pacific

● *We have received the following report from Lawrence Phillips, executive vice president of USO Camp Shows, Inc., who has investigated Marine beefs on the USO. He says: "While the enclosed report comes from an army air corps service squadron, I can assure you that we make every effort to have our entertainers give the same kind of service to the Marine Corps." The report is from a lieutenant colonel of the army service forces, whom we quote in part: "They immediately made themselves known to all members of the squadron who were present, and with the personality that is only found in theatrical performers, instilled a feeling of ease with all officers and men.*

" 'They declined an invitation to the officers' mess and borrowed GI gear from the supply room and proceeded to "sweat out" the chow line with all the men, and upon entering the mess hall dispersed themselves amongst the tables and engaged as many men as possible in conversation.

" 'After supper, the entire cast entered into volley ball and badminton games with the men, and by show time everyone was in a jovial mood.

" 'Following the performance they returned to the mess hall and had coffee, hot cinnamon rolls and spam sandwiches with some of the officers and men. When the time came for them to leave we were all genuinely sorry to see them go.' "—Eds.

Sidelights

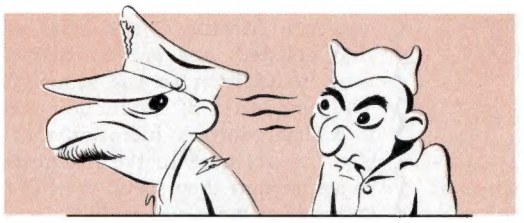
by Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

WE HEAR that our friend, Private Abe Finkel, is now in the Pacific war theatre. And we think that someone should send a memorandum about Abe's peculiar talents to his commanding general.

Private Finkel, known as "The Evil Eye" or "The Eye," was a professional jinx in civilian life.

He was hired by prize fighters to sit in their corners and "hex" opposing athletes with the baleful glare of his fishy eyes. A legend, mostly supported by fact, grew up in fistic circles that you wouldn't lose if you had Finkel in your corner. Abe, a small fellow who usually wore a derby hat two sizes too large, had wide, hypnotic eyes and he could stare, unblinkingly, for many minutes. Certainly, he was a psychological menace to any fighter on whom he fixed his stare.

He had two "stares" in his repertoire. The first, which he styled "The Whammy," was merely a



penetrating glance. If The Whammy failed or proved only partially effective, Finkel cocked his eyebrows and turned on the full candlepower of his hypnotic glimmers. He called this most powerful stare "The Curse of Slobadka." He used The Curse of Slobadka (or "De Coise," as he called it) only on rare occasions and against athletes whom he, especially, disliked.

In the pre-war days, Finkel's fame burst the bounds of the prize fight racket. Soon he was being hired by executives of other branches of athletic endeavor, including the owners of professional football teams. The last time we saw "The Evil Eye," in the autumn of '41, he was sitting on a pro grid team's bench, very busily applying The Whammy to the other team.

Perhaps, when next we see Finkel he will be at a forward observation post putting The Whammy and The Curse of Slobadka on the Nippers through a set of field glasses.

★ ★ ★

Staff Sergeant Tony Smith tells this yarn:

A Fifth Marine Division private first class rushed into his first sergeant's tent and howled:

"Hi-ya-hoo, Top! I've just inherited a half million dollars."

The first sergeant thought this over for almost

a minute. Then he said, deliberately, like a judge handing down a decision:

"You'll still have to fall out for physical drill in the morning."

★ ★ ★

A MARINE corporal we know has sworn off Nip souvenirs after an unpleasant experience with a made-in-Tokyo clock which he picked up in a Nip officers' club.

He found the clock around twilight and then, to make a rendezvous with his platoon leader, he moved up to a spot just over a ridge from the Japanese lines. He was digging and trying to keep as still as possible when the clock started striking. He says that it struck 12 times, although it was only around 1800. Then some chimes inside the clock started playing a tune which sounded like *"Hail the Emperor."* It might have been the Jap national anthem for when the chimes started the Nippers over the ridge started yelling in a sort of appreciative fashion.

About that time the platoon leader showed up and whispered that they'd better move back a ways. The clock was still playing *"Hail the Emperor"* when they got the hell out of there.

★ ★ ★

Corporal Fred Travis swears that this really happened on Okinawa:

Master Technical Sergeant Claude Petty, a chief mechanic for an artillery observation squadron in the Sixth Marine Division, met an aged Japanese goatherder on a reconnaissance patrol.

The goatherder greeted Claude in good English, as follows:

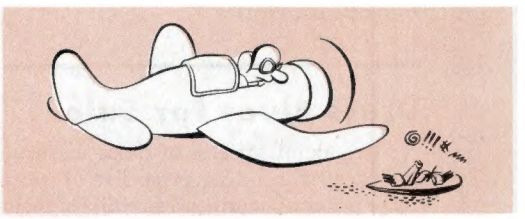
"Hello, kid. What do you hear from Memphis?"

Somewhat startled, Petty offered the Okinawan a cigaret. The old goatherder seized the cigaret, examined it closely and then croaked out this complaint:

"Haven't you got any Camels, kid?"

★ ★ ★

A Marine Corsair pilot was returning from a raid and was having trouble finding his way back to his base, since his instrument panel had been badly shot up. He came down through the overcast in an attempt to get his bearings and spotted a battleship below him. He got on the radio:



"Hey you, in the boat. Can you give me a bearing to Saipan?"

"Whatsa matter, are you lost, ace?" the battleship wanted to know.

"Yeah, can you give me a bearing?"

"Just a minute, ace, and we'll see what we can give you, ace. How about 270 True. Think you can find it now, ace?"

"Sure, thanks you guys."

"Any time, any time, ace. Only next time don't call us a boat."

★ ★ ★

AN UNIDENTIFIED Marine aboard an assault transport, was caught using overmuch water in the showers. He liked to stand under the shower and sing long ballads, a practice which is very hard on a ship's water supply. In punishment, this Marine was sentenced by a gunnery sergeant to the job of scraping paint off the steel bulkheads of the engine room.

Since the engine room was hot as a Turkish bath, this is considered a very rugged detail, and when the kid didn't show up at noon chow, the gunny got a little worried and he decided he'd go below and see what had happened. When he got to the engine room, the gunny found the kid doing a land office business in selling Japanese souvenirs. Two engineers were doing the Marine's scraping chores in payment for a couple of Jap flags. And the kid had set up a work bench for a counter and was selling the Nip junk as fast as he could dish it out. It seemed that the sailors in the engine room were the only ones who'd been overlooked by Marine souvenir salesmen and they were very eager customers.

The Dope Sheet

Dependents' Travel

Travel to the Gulf, Caribbean, Panama Sea Frontiers, Mexico and Brazil by the dependents of Marine Corps personnel on duty in those areas is authorized by Letter of Instruction No. 1020.

The travel of such dependents must be to establish residence (not visiting) with the personnel concerned. Marine Corps personnel, and not their dependents, will submit appropriate applications to the Commandant via official channels, including the naval commander of the area concerned (i.e., the commander of the appropriate sea frontier or the Commander, South Atlantic Force, in the case of Brazil).

It is further noted that no government transportation will be provided except as may become available as surplus, and that no household goods or private automobiles will be transported via government transportation or at government expense.

SRB Absence Entries

In accordance with Letter of Instruction No. 1022, all commanding officers are directed to enter upon the service record books of all enlisted personnel who are absent from their stations for reasons not authorized, a full, detailed account containing time, place and categorical notation as to the type of absence.

Incomplete entries in the SRB's of offending personnel, the letter states, has caused much unnecessary delay in bringing offenders to trial. Also, additional correspondence often is necessary in order to serve the ends of justice, because improper entries often result in inadequate punishment.

The letter further states that in the future each absence entered under Offenses on pages 10 and 11 of the SRB shall show the hour and date of absence in each man's case. In addition, whenever applicable, the entries shall include the categorical notation "MISSED SHIP," "MISSED OVERSEAS DETAIL" or "MISSED TROOP MOVEMENT," as the case may be. Organizations receiving service record books containing incomplete entries of absence offenses are to inform Headquarters Marine Corps regarding the lack of data and the lack of proper authentication of such entries.

Dress Blues For Sale

The sale of articles of dress uniform at prices set up in the latest price list of clothing, plus three per cent overhead, to enlisted men who have served overseas or aboard vessels of the navy, is authorized by Letter of Instruction No. 1021.

The L. of I. states that accountable officers will not stock articles of dress uniform in order to carry out the provisions of the authorization, but will requisition such articles as may be required when the occasion arises.

Prisoners of War

Marine Corps personnel returned to United States jurisdiction from a prisoner of war status, except for those in aviation and others requiring hospitalization, will be transferred to the base at San Diego. Those in need of hospitalization will be transferred to the nearest naval hospital, according to Letter of Instruction No. 1010.

Subsequently, MCB, San Diego, or MarFair-West will order physical examinations to determine fitness for leave or furlough, after which ground personnel physically qualified will be ordered to the West Coast Reclassification and Redistribution Center for assignment to the post or station of the officer or man's own choice, being granted delay, exclusive of travel time, at the rate of two and one-half days a month since the month of last leave or furlough. Total delay may not exceed 90 days. Aviation personnel, except for transfer to West Coast R&R, will have similar privileges.

Insofar as practicable, promotion of one grade will be made as soon as possible after the return of former war prisoners, the letter said.

If an enlisted man claims a promotion by competent authority to a higher rank than indicated by available records, he must submit a letter to HQMC setting forth all facts, including names of officers and men who had knowledge of his promotion. Such promotion, if verified, will be made in addition to the immediate promotion provided in the new policy.

Such procedures and promotion policy apply also to personnel who return from a missing in action status and to personnel (such as guerillas) who, while separated from the jurisdiction of the United States and in enemy-held territory, were not in enemy custody.

Furlough Details

The complete word on furlough regulations is carried on pages 16 and 17 of this issue. Its principal feature is that Headquarters, Marine Corps, now has ruled that enlisted men are entitled to travel time in addition to the actual furlough. The new letter of instruction states that it is Headquarters' intention that men be given travel time to the extent necessary to assure that they spend the full furlough at home or wherever their furlough destination happens to be.

Magazine Subscriptions

All personnel now must make WRITTEN requests for subscriptions or renewals of newspapers and magazines desired by them. Effective 1 July 1945, individual copies of newspapers and magazines offered for mailing by publishers to naval personnel overseas are acceptable at the FPO's only if fulfilling written requests initiated by the men themselves.

A new directive, released by the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, stemmed from indiscriminate overseas mailing by publishers of large numbers of newspapers and magazines, many of which could not be delivered to the navy, Marine or coast guard addressees.

Henceforth, postmasters at the offices of mailing will require publishers to present for their examination the requests from the addressees for subscriptions or renewals of subscriptions.

Complimentary copies sent by publishers, copies paid for by advertisers, and copies sent under any kind of an arrangement whereby the requests of the addressees are solicited will NOT be accepted for mailing.

Copies mailed in fulfillment of subscriptions which are unexpired on the effective date of this order will be accepted until the subscriptions expire. Relatives and friends may pay for the subscriptions or renewals of subscriptions provided the addressees have initiated the requests.

Pullman Travel

Enlisted personnel returning to the States should note that Headquarters has a new Letter of Instruction (No. 1019) requiring that personnel granted Pullman space on government transportation requests cease delaying their trips to wait for Pullman accommodations when these are not immediately available. The letter states that enlisted men frequently have detrained to await Pullman accommodations when asked to shift to day coaches because the train's reservations are full, and that men have been thus delayed in arriving back from furlough or in reporting to new posts. Headquarters states that personnel late in reporting in because of waits for such accommodations will be subject to disciplinary action for AOL. Officers likewise were instructed that failure to obtain Pullman accommodations is not a valid reason for reporting late in obedience to orders.

Unit Citations

Confusion continues over unit citation eligibility. Men subsequently joining an organization that reinforced a unit cited by the President are NOT entitled to wear the citation ribbon, HQMC emphasizes.

Only men who were members of the unit cited or of reinforcing organizations AND WHO WERE PRESENT AND ACTUALLY PARTICIPATED IN THE ENGAGEMENT at the time for which the Presidential Unit Citation was awarded, are privileged permanently to wear the citation ribbon and star. Only men who subsequently joined the cited unit — NOT any of the organizations that temporarily reinforced it — may wear the ribbon without star, and then only while a member of the cited unit.

Two points must be remembered:

1 — A member of a rear echelon of a cited unit (a man not actually present and participating in the engagement for which the citation was awarded) may wear the ribbon, but no star — and then only while still attached to cited unit.

2 — An organization providing reinforcements for a cited unit during the period for which the citation was awarded is NOT considered to rate the Presidential Unit Citation. Neither the First Marine Air Wing nor the Second Marine Division received the PUC at Guadalcanal; cited was the First Marine Division, Reinforced. Therefore, as mentioned previously, only those members of the reinforcing units actually participating in the engagement for which the other organization was cited are entitled to the PUC ribbon. (They wear it permanently with star.)

Unclaimed Baggage

Commanding officers are directed by Letter of Instruction No. 1027 to advise personnel of the advantage of making all efforts to claim at destination personal baggage which may have been checked or shipped by the carriers from time to time.

Common carrier agencies in the States report difficulty in identifying personal baggage (under baggage check or otherwise) belonging to Corps personnel which has not been claimed by owners, particularly when from overseas.

To assist in identifying lost or stray personal baggage for return to the owners, the letter directs that in addition to marking clothing as required by Article 15-25, Corps Manual, personnel traveling by common carrier maintain an identification within each separate piece of personal baggage showing the owner's name, serial number, grade, organization, present station, destination and home address. Such identification should be in addition to any initials, name plates or tags attached to the outside of luggage, though, if necessary for security purposes, the present station and destination may be omitted.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ Flight Training Changes ★

★ Enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps ★
★ applying for flight training now must have ★
★ the rank of private first class or above with ★
★ no specified service requirement, under ★
★ ALNAV No. 105, just issued. Formerly, ★
★ applicants were required to hold the rank ★
★ of sergeant or above, with the exception ★
★ of specially qualified corporals who had at ★
★ least six months' duty in aviation activity. ★
★ Commanding officers are urged to en- ★
★ courage qualified personnel to submit appli- ★
★ cations for such training in view of an ★
★ imminent quota increase, the ALNAV ★
★ further stated. ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DRIVE ON NAHA

Smoke from "satchel" charge blast spirals up from cave as Marines wait to pick off Japs

Marines knifed through shell-battered terrain into damaged Okinawan capital

MARINES who drove on Naha, capital city of Okinawa, were forced to slug their way through typical Jap barriers manned by fanatical defenders, plus mud and rubble that mired trucks and slowed tanks. Then, too, there was the 150-foot-wide Asato River on the city's outskirts as a final obstacle to be hurdled. Two bridges were thrown up and the Marines fought their way into the city's suburban section. They found Naha a ruined city — battered and broken by our artillery and air bombardment. The city's defenders fought with savage fury to stay our advance, but without success.

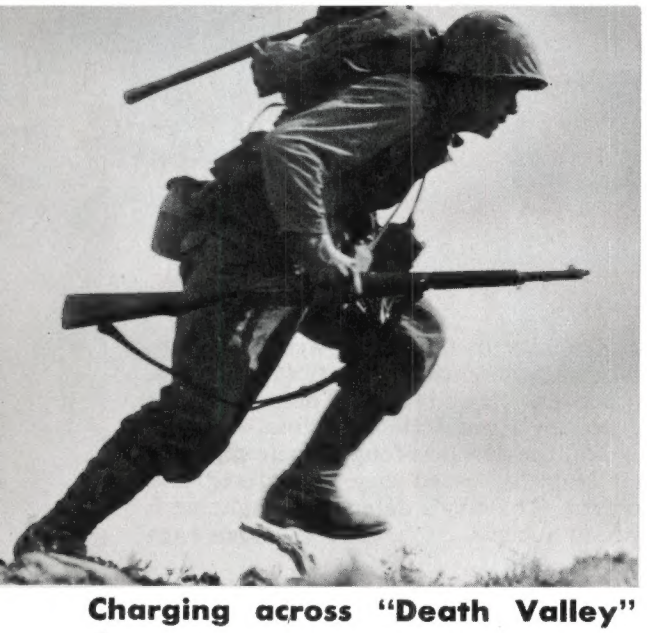
TURN PAGE

DRIVE ON NAHA (continued)

Okinawa battle lagged during opening stages, but it reached violent pitch as forces bore down on capital Naha

Marines battled 48 hours before this position was captured

Armed with automatic weapons and rifles, other units advance on ridge on outskirts of the capital



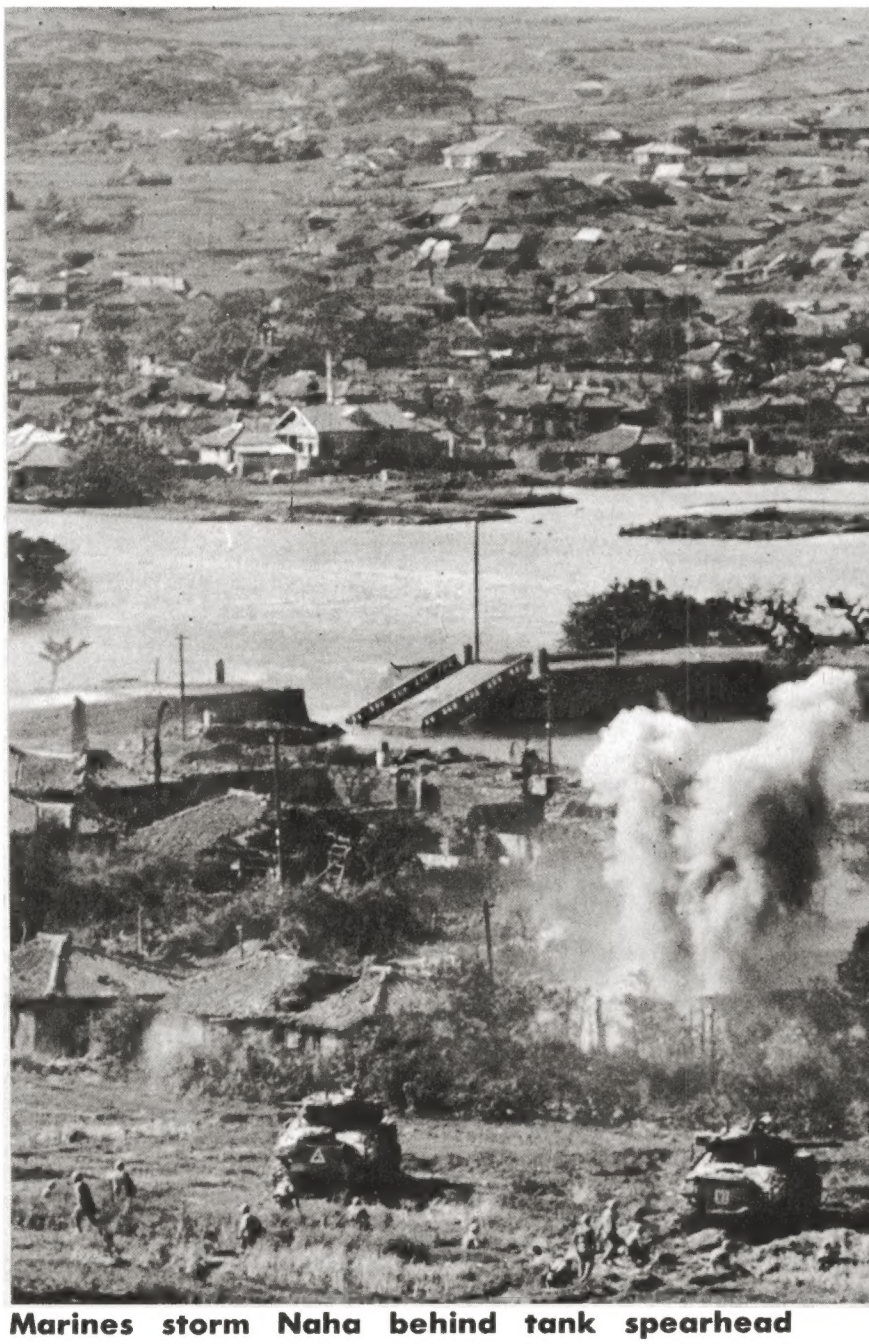
Charging across "Death Valley"

White phosphorous shells pave way for the big attack on Naha

Infantry moves into position along a rubble-strewn road as tank in background stands by in support

Marine tanks on patrol move into outskirts of capital

Few buildings remained standing amid the wreckage



Marines storm Naha behind tank spearhead

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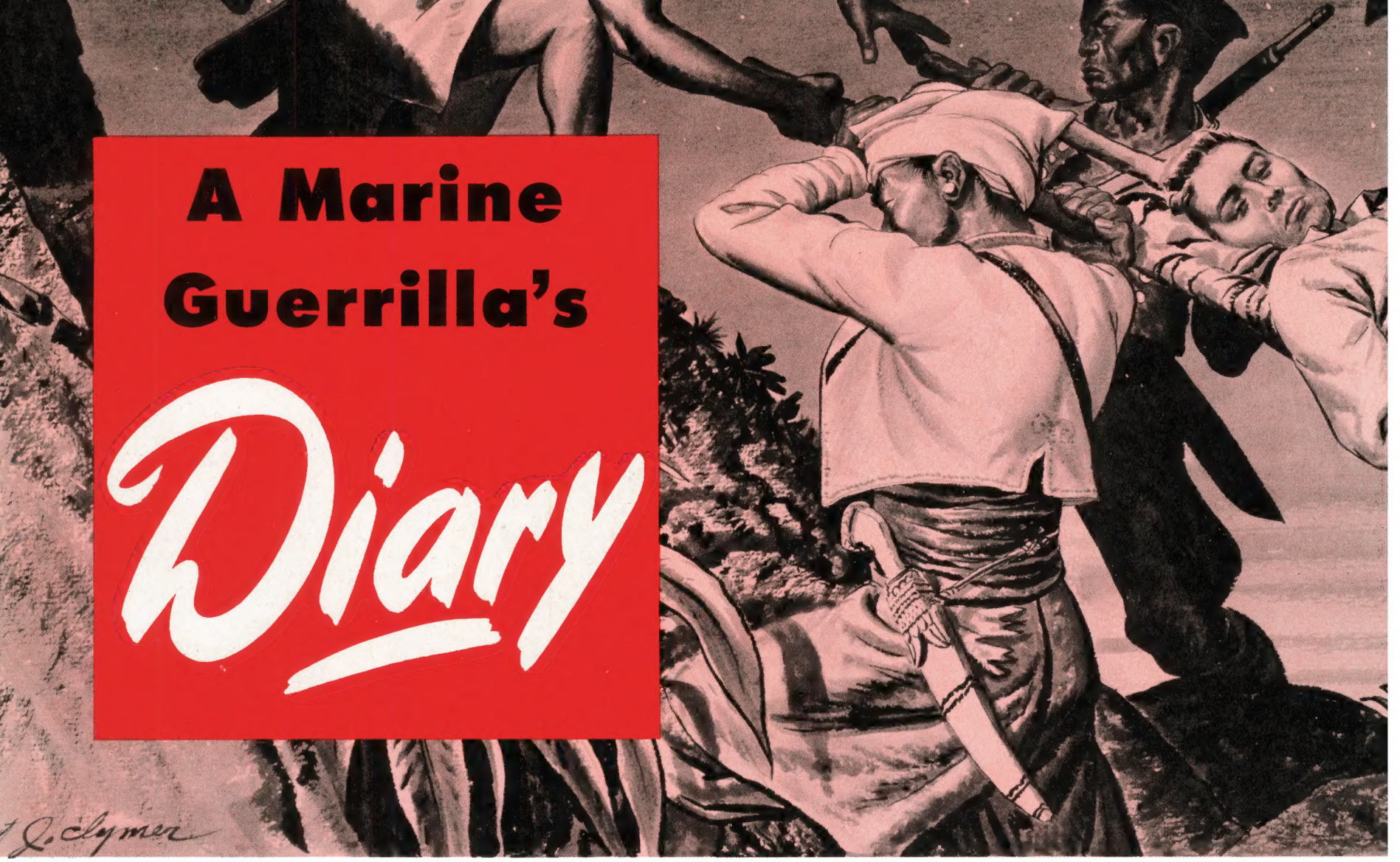


A Marine Guerrilla's Diary

May 5, 1942

by Sgt. Stanley Fink

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sergeant Reid Carlos Chamberlain of El Cajon, Cal., was killed in action on Iwo Jima. Previously he had fought with a Marine anti-aircraft battery on Cavite, Bataan and Corregidor. Chamberlain escaped from Corregidor Fortress when it capitulated. He was twice wounded and suffered a number of malaria attacks before the fall of the Philippines. At that time he was a corporal.

For 18 months Chamberlain roamed the Philippines fighting with guerrilla armies. He was commissioned a second lieutenant and later promoted to first lieutenant.

In November, 1943, he was sent to Australia and later flown to the United States where he received the Purple Heart with Gold Star for his wounds and the Distinguished Service Cross from General Douglas MacArthur for "extraordinary heroism in action."

Given his choice of remaining in the US Army as a first lieutenant or returning to the Marine Corps with his old rating of corporal, Chamberlain chose the latter. After less than four months duty in the States again requested duty in a combat area. Promoted to sergeant he once more went out to the Pacific at his own request to carry on the fight against Japan. For security reasons it has been impossible to release this story until now.

★ ★ ★

"AT 10 o'clock this morning we received word that the Island of Corregidor would capitulate at noon tomorrow. For two weeks I have been apprehensive of this, but not wanting to believe it, I pushed it out of my mind.

"However, now that the order to surrender had come I could hardly believe it possible. Many of the men in the Fourth Marine Regiment, to whom we are attached, broke down and wept. I, too, felt like weeping. These men were tough. They had been fighting a great battle against overwhelming odds. They hadn't lost and they didn't want to quit — but those were orders.

"All weapons and supplies that might be useful to the enemy were ordered destroyed. This kept us busy several hours. When the job was finished, 10 of us from Cass Battery discussed the surrender and believed there must be some way of escaping from the island. But later when we made our dash for freedom there were only two of us, Private First Class T. O. Armstrong of Bruton, Ala., and myself.

"Armstrong is a tall, well-built blond Norwegian weighing about 180 pounds. He is a wild, cocky chap who thinks there isn't anything in the world he can't lick. However, he's very good natured and loses his temper only when he is called "Swede." We always called him "Army."

"At 6 p.m. a motor launch pulled close to shore just off our position. We had no idea where the launch was going, but it was leaving the rock, and that was good enough for us. Army and I waded out to it and crawled aboard. There were three soldiers and one Marine in the boat. But before the launch left, 10 Filipinos waded out and boarded her. Nearly all of the men from Cass Battery were on the beach. Several of them were yelling for us to come back, as it might mean our necks. The Japs had issued an order that no one was to attempt escape. I visualized these little men leering at us, laughing at us, subjecting us to indignities and humiliations. I knew I wouldn't be able to take that. Any fate was better than falling into their hands.

"It was dark when the launch pulled across the channel, eight miles to the Cavite shore. There we found a deep bay and, in order to determine whether there were any Nips along the shore, made several runs toward the beach. As we neared shore we would quickly turn the launch around and head back toward the sea. In this way we hoped to draw fire at long range from any Japs in the area. No one fired at us, so, muffling the motor, we pulled close to the beach. About 100 yards from shore we turned the boat's nose to the sea and, as we slipped over the sides into the water, opened wide the throttle.

"The water was cold and it was difficult swimming with our clothes and shoes on. I was glad when I got to water shallow enough to wade in. When I got to the beach, Army was the only person close by. We had become separated from the others.

"We slowly crept through the nearby jungle, our clothes dripping wet, and climbed over the first small ridge. We had neither food nor weapons. In order to run as few risks as possible we decided to hide in a thicket until daylight."

July 5, 1942

"We arrived at a small barrio (town) after sailing three days and nights down the Luzon coast in a small sailboat, encountering considerable difficulty with reefs and unfavorable winds. We had been told by natives that a Spaniard, who was very friendly to Americans, would help us.

"Shortly after landing we were approached by a middle-aged woman whose husband had been a member of the Philippine army and was now in a Japanese concentration camp in Manila. She asked me seriously if it were true that the Japs had sunk the "Navy Department." I placed her mind at ease by telling her that was an impossibility, since the Navy Department was housed in a building situated on dry land. I also asked where she had learned that the Japs performed such miracles and she replied that she had read it in a Manila newspaper sponsored by the Japs and dedicated 'to enlightening' the Filipino people.

"She directed us to the friendly Spaniard's hacienda, where we learned that a Captain O. E. Vera was operating a guerrilla band which had its headquarters in the nearby mountains."

July 8, 1942

"We arrived at Capt. Vera's headquarters shortly after noon. He was a medium-sized, slender man with long, black, straight hair that he combed back in a sort of pompadour style. He had black, flashing eyes and a narrow, long mustache. He looked like a movie version of a suave villain.

"The captain appeared very glad to see us and to learn we desired to join his band. He brought out a quart of tuba, native liquor made from the juice of the heart of the coconut tree. Vera, his aide, Army and I proceeded to empty the bottle.

"Army asked Vera how many men he had in his organization.

" 'Five hundred, perhaps 600,' he replied. 'My men, they wish me to hold a higher rank than captain but my intentions are purely patriotic, my friends, so I do not wish to assume a higher position.'

"I felt Vera was a liar and made up my mind I would remain with his band only long enough to procure his aid in moving further south. However,

he was a genial host and the tuba was having its effects, making me feel in a very expansive mood.

"'Capt. Vera,' I said, 'you shouldn't be so modest. With 500 or 600 men you should be a lieutenant colonel, at least.'

"Army joined me in urging him to accept the position. Finally, after getting out another quart of tuba and taking a few more drinks, Vera graciously accepted the promotion. To show his gratitude to us for his elevation in rank he immediately named me a first lieutenant and Army a second lieutenant."

July 11, 1942

"Col. Vera sent me out to the south in charge of a patrol of 50 men. I ordered 35 to remain with me at an old hacienda and sent 15 others to kill two Japanese civilians. They had been causing the guerrillas trouble by informing the Nips of our activities. This had resulted in several of our men being ambushed."

July 16, 1942

"A lookout reported that he saw a detail of 12 armed Japanese soldiers trudging up a path in the mountains. Col. Vera gave me two dozen men and ordered me to lay an ambush.

"I sent a scout in advance of our party to obtain their exact location. He reported back that they were three kilometers distant and were armed with rifles and one light machine gun.

"We pushed forward to a point about a mile from where they were and I ordered the men to hide in the bushes along both sides of the path. Evidently they didn't know the guerrillas' headquarters was so near since they approached with no sign of being alert. When the Japanese reached the point where we were hiding, the guerrillas opened up with their rifles. We killed all 12 of the Nips. I don't believe they got off a single shot."

August 2, 1942

"Despite the fact that Vera's band did harass the Japs, Army and I realized from the way he and his men operated that my original suspicions had been correct. They were little more than outlaws, who took whatever they wanted from the defenseless people and were more interested in promoting their own welfare than in helping the Filipinos or fighting Nips.

"We had heard of a Colonel Surrez, who had escaped from the Cortabato Jap concentration camp and had gone to another island to take command of a guerrilla organization there. Army and I decided to join Surrez.

"We informed Col. Vera of our intention and asked his aid in obtaining transportation and supplies. He tried to convince us to remain, but seeing that we were determined to go he promised to get us a sailboat and supplies the next day."

January 12, 1943

"I reached the island where I was met by Lieutenant Col. Surrez. I was beginning to regret an argument I had had earlier with Army. Because of it we decided to part company. I had felt that Army was taking too many unnecessary chances — he wanted to travel through Jap-infested sectors during daylight and I had insisted that we should be more cautious and that it was foolish to risk our necks unnecessarily. He began taunting me, saying I was scared. This made me angry so I told him this was a good place to part company and we left each other. I believe both of us regretted the move but were too proud to back down.

"Col. Surrez was a tall, big-boned Spanish-Chinese mestizo (half-breed), dark-skinned and smooth-shaven. He was a graduate of the Baguio Military Academy, the West Point of the Philippines, and had taken a post-graduate course at Fort Benning, Ga.

"I GAVE Col. Surrez a detailed report of Japanese activities and he, in turn, informed me of a large guerrilla organization on Mindanao Island under the command of Colonel Wendell W. Fertig, former US army officer. Surrez said he intended to attach his band to Fertig's army.

"He asked me to join his outfit and I agreed to do so but only on a temporary basis, explaining that I wanted to join Fertig's army, since it had a number of American officers. He temporarily appointed me a first lieutenant and military adviser to his guerrillas. These are all Moros (Mohammedans). Like most Filipinos they are short, well-knit and muscular. They wear turbans as headdress and patajongs, a sort of waist-high sarong. Both the turbans and patajongs come in an assortment of colors.

"Each carries either a barong, a single-blade knife that tapers at the end, or a kris, which is a heavy double-edged knife. They decorate their knives with mother-of-pearl inlays, which are magnificent bits of handiwork. Many of them also carry rifles. They are good shots and experts at wielding either the barong or the kris. They are a very colorful band.

"The Moros are tough, rugged fighters, who are absolutely fearless and hate the Japs with intense fury. They make me think of Scotch Terriers because of an advertisement I read when I was 12 years old and my father promised to buy me a dog. It described the Scottie as a dog with 'The body of a pigmy but the heart of a lion.' "

January 25, 1943

"Col. Surrez decided to send a patrol to get supplies, weapons and ammunition from the enemy. He placed me in command of the expedition.

"I left with 33 men in three native sailboats. It was to be the first attack against the Japs. Our destination was a point where the enemy had three armed native policemen posted. If successful in capturing them, I planned to go on to gain information on additional Jap activities. My guide knew the waterways and told me he was certain he could get our party through undetected. Due to bad winds we were forced to land a day's march south of our intended location.

"We marched north and at noon attacked, capturing two Jap guards, two drums of gasoline, two shotguns, a rifle and a small amount of ammunition.

"I left a corporal and two men in charge of the prisoners and proceeded with the rest of my detail. My advance patrol failed to be stealthy in its approach to the town and the three armed native police were able to make a getaway.

"I set up headquarters and sent patrols into the surrounding area, gathering arms, ammunition and information from the natives. One patrol captured a Chinese junk, which I decided to use for transporting the supplies we had captured.

"I also decided against going to the next barrio as the three natives of the constabulary who escaped had time to reach that city and notify the Japs of our presence."

February 13, 1943

"Bands of bandits had been operating from the village and causing much trouble in that sector for several months — robbing, looting homes and slaying civilian residents.

"On Col. Surrez' orders I took 10 men and a list of names and set out for one town. It is populated by nearly 400 Moros.

"I placed two men with rifles on shore to cover

TURN PAGE

Adventures of a Marine who escaped from Corregidor

a bridge and four men in two small boats to keep anyone from escaping by water. Then, with two men armed with shotguns and two others carrying rifles, I landed in the village.

"We captured seven of the bandit gang and tied them to their mosque temple before placing them in boats and returning them to a jail. Their leader, an imum (priest), however, was away on a journey."

March 6, 1943

"The bandits we captured were tried this morning before a military court and fined up to 800 pesos each. This was about the only bit of activity during the last two weeks and I was beginning to get bored and restless.

"In the afternoon I called on Col. Surrez and told him I wanted to go to Mindinao to join Col. Fertig as soon as possible. He tried to persuade me to stay, saying, 'Chamberlain, if you remain here I will give you any three Moro girls you desire for your wives.'

"I told him 'I'm sorry, sir, but I want to join Col. Fertig's army. Besides I wouldn't know what to do with one wife, much less three of them.'

"He agreed to provide me with transportation and supplies but said he regretted losing me."

March 9, 1943

"I left at dawn for Mindanao with a party of Moros. A few hours after our departure in a large sailboat I began suffering a severe malaria attack.

"I tried to get my Moro companions to get me some quinine bark called dita and boil some hot tea from it to relieve my fever. But they refused. Because I was an American they had the silly notion that in order for me to get well I would have to be given medicine obtained in a regular pharmacy, that no native cures were good for white people."

March 13, 1943

"I became too ill to travel further so the Moros landed our boat on the east side of Basilan Island. They sent to an American mission situated in the mountains for a Filipino nurse they called Miss Evangelista.

"When she arrived and took my pulse and felt my forehead she ordered the Moros to carry me to the mission. They made a crude stretcher and placed me on it. Even though I was burning up with fever I noticed Miss Evangelista was very attractive. She is taller than the average Filipino girl, about five feet, five inches, slender and curvaceous. She had jet black eyes and long lashes, gleaming white, even teeth and a winning smile. Her hair is long and she had combed it back in a neat coiffure and parted it in the center.

"The trek to the mission is four miles up some fairly steep and rugged mountains. My fever turned into a chill and I became delirious before we reached the mission."

March 15, 1943

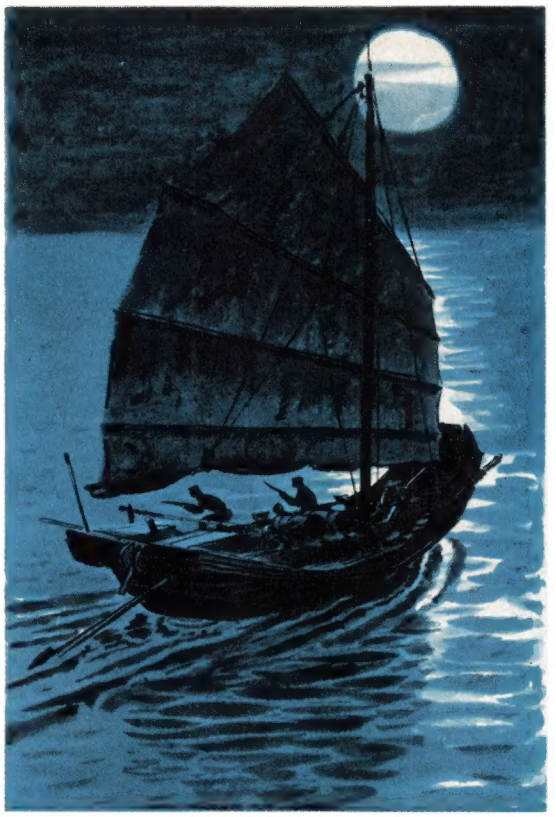
"The mission is a two-story plaster structure that had been in the care of an American missionary and his wife. They had educated and taken care of Evangelista since she was a little girl and she remained there as their assistant. Just before the start of the war the American couple had gone to the States for a vacation, leaving Evangelista in charge. There also is a short, fat housekeeper at the mission, who giggles and laughs at any remark made, whether it is funny or serious. She has an infectious laugh and shakes all over like jello. It seems she enjoys laughing for its own sake.

"There are always a number of young boys and girls working or playing about the place. They are sent to the mission by their parents, who have been converted to Christianity, to be taught by Evangelista. A few of the teen age boys sleep at the mission and do farm work and chores for their keep. Evangelista is a sort of combination doctor and mother for the entire area. Natives drop in to tell her their troubles or to have their wounds or illnesses treated.

"Yesterday when I came out of my delirium I found myself in a comfortable, clean bed in a room on the second floor of the mission."

March 19, 1943

"Evangelista takes excellent care of me. She even pampers me and gives freely of her meager supply of medicine, waiting on me hand and foot. She loves to tease me and coax me into taking quinine as though I were a little boy—and I hate quinine the way a child detests castor oil. I have grown quite



" . . . captured a Chinese junk"

fond of Evangelista and nicknamed her 'Ba,' why, I don't know, but she seems to like my pet name.

"I am still weak and Ba insists I remain in bed a few more days."

March 20, 1943

"I've been feeling miserably ill all day. At night I was having difficulty falling asleep. My head throbbed and I was perspiring with fever. A bright full moon was shining through the window. Finally — it seemed hours — I dozed off.

"A hollow, insistent beating of drums awakened and startled me. These drums are called agongs. They are made of solid, hammered brass and are cylinder-shaped with an open bottom and closed top that has a hollow brass knob in the center of it. They are used by a barbarian tribe living in Basilan called Yakans, who worship the moon. During a full moon the Yakans beat their agongs and howl at the moon. This is a weird, wailing cry that is so blood-curdling that it puts a coyote to shame.

"WHEN the Yakans added their moon-cry to the beating of the agong I became infuriated. Weak as I was I dressed, got my pistol and started down the steps. Ba called out to me from the window of her bedroom.

"'I'm going to kill that noisy, damned Yakan,' I replied.

"She became frightened and called out to one of her pupils and sent him running ahead of me to warn the Yakan. When I got to the vicinity of the racket it had stopped and there was no one there, so I returned to the mission. Just as I got back, a Yakan in the opposite direction began beating his agong and howling. I set out to get this one but again Ba's pupil beat me to him. I finally returned to the mission and went to bed. I then began feeling very much ashamed of my actions and wondered what Ba would think. I'm sure I wouldn't have killed the Yakan if I had caught up with him but I probably would have fired in the air a couple of times and scared the daylights out of him."

March 24, 1945

"My fifth day out of bed and I'm beginning to feel like my old self again, although I'm still weak. I asked Ba to go on a picnic with me and she accepted and prepared a nice supper for the occasion. We walked about three miles through some lovely wooded country to a spot on the bank of a small stream, where we sat holding hands, discussing life, the war and the future. Neither of us seemed very certain regarding these subjects but I felt very close to Ba and grateful as we watched the huge red sunset that filled the sky with a myriad of bright hues.

"I took Ba in my arms and kissed her tenderly. Her lips were soft and warm. She smiled as she buried her head comfortably in my shoulder. It felt as if it belonged there.

"I'd never been in love. I wonder if I'm in love now? Whatever it is I find it a very pleasant sensation."

April 1, 1945

"My twenty-fourth birthday and Lieutenant Alarcon, who is only a couple years older than I and who has been dropping into the mission and visiting me about every other day, held a party and dance in my honor this evening.

"Alarcon is the leader of the Basilan guerrillas in this sector. He is tall and thin. He looks anemic but has a reputation of being an excellent rifle and pistol shot and fearless. He has a rather prominent nose and isn't attractive looking, having a high forehead and long, unkempt hair, but his smile is pleasant and his manner friendly.

"Ba and I went horseback riding in the afternoon. She is a splendid rider and looks graceful in the saddle. It was fun being with her and I began realizing that our fondness for each other was developing into something stronger than mere friendship. For the last two or three days I've felt entirely well and was determined to continue my journey to Mindanao to join Col. Fertig's army.

"The tuba flowed freely at the party and the natives prepared quite a lavish feast, but as usual fish and rice were the principal dishes. I escorted Ba to the affair and we danced several numbers together. The band, composed of two trumpet players, a pianist, a drummer and two guitarists, played several popular American Tin-Pan Alley tunes of 1938-39 vintage, as well as Spanish and Filipino songs. This surprised me as Basilan is some distance from civilization. Evidently they played by ear and learned the numbers by listening to the radio station broadcasting from Manila. They played such songs as *"Hold Tight,"* *"Begin the Beguine,"* *"Three Little Fishes,"* and *"Rose Marie,"* and with as much swing as a Harlem night club orchestra.

"Ba looked radiant. She wore a long, dark red party dress and a red hibiscus in her hair that added to her dark beauty. She danced well and I realized she is the most versatile, able and intelligent girl I had ever known, as well as one of the prettiest. Yet she is a Filipino and I am an American and there is still a war to fight. I made up my mind to leave the next day.

"When we walked back to the mission after the party I told her of my intention. She asked me to stay but I told her that it is my duty to continue the fight against the Japs, that I am a soldier and my country is at war.

"'But you can carry on right here in Basilan,' she implored. 'You can take charge of the guerrillas in this sector. In fact, Lieut. Alarcon told me he would like you to take charge and he would be your chief of staff.'

"'No, Ba, I must leave. My place is with Col. Fertig,' I said. She had tears in her eyes when I kissed her goodnight."

April 22, 1943

"A horse-drawn cart took me from Pagadian on Mindanao Island to a small village, where I got a ride on a truck, which took me across the island at its narrowest point, about 60 miles, to a landing on a deep bay on the north shore of Mindanao.

"There I was met by Lieut. William Holder in a motor launch. He took me to Col. Fertig's headquarters where we arrived in the afternoon. I reported at the command post of the general of the 10th Military District and then went directly to the American officers' quarters.

"This is a large two-story building that had once been the residence of a wealthy Mindanao merchant. It is well constructed of concrete and lumber. The first floor is used as a garage, while the second floor has eight large-sized rooms with hardwood floors. One serves as a dining room, one a living room and the others as bedrooms for the officers. About 15 officers stay here. The house is lighted by electricity supplied by generators. Col. Fertig's quarters are about 100 yards from this building but he eats all his meals at the officers' mess hall.

"I was dirty and ragged when I arrived but a shower and shave made me feel cleaner, although my clothes still looked unkempt.

"When I entered the dining room for evening chow I was amazed. The table in the center of the

and roamed Philippines fighting with guerrilla bands

room was covered with a spotless white linen tablecloth, china dishes and a good quality of gleaming silverware. Fine mahogany cabinets filled with china lined the sides of the room.

"The colonel sat at the head of the table, the others, according to rank, on both sides of the table. This evening, however, I sat at the colonel's right. All of the officers were smartly dressed in white, well-tailored dinner jackets. These, I learned, were tailored by a Filipino and the cloth was obtained from a Chinese merchant in the vicinity.

"Two Filipino mess boys dressed in white served the officers. They also take care of the house, clean it, make up the officers bunks each morning, take care of their horses and run errands.

"I ate ravenously. It was the first time in nearly two years that I had a meal in such fine surroundings. The dinner consisted of boiled rice, roasted carabao meat, fried coamote, a salad of pineapple and green leaves, mangoes, coffee and cake. After dinner several of the officers ordered brandy, which is manufactured by an old Spaniard, who lives on the outskirts of the town. It didn't taste bad.

"It was difficult for me to realize that such splendor and comfort is possible during a war, especially in a guerrilla army operating in the heart of enemy-held territory.

"After dinner we retired to the living room, which was nicely furnished with over-stuffed lounges, easy chairs, cushions and an excellent, console radio. Some of the officers began playing poker. Col. Fertig and I went to the far corner of the room and sat down on a davenport.

"He is about five feet, 10 inches in height and has an erect military bearing. His dark brown hair is gray at the temples and his smooth-shaven face is ruddy. He has clear blue eyes and a friendly smile.

"I told him of my experiences since leaving Corregidor. He told me that he also had been on Corregidor but left several days before I did. I described Jap activities in the various places I had been and gave him information on the enemy's strength in various sectors as well as the organization of guerrilla units with which I had come in contact. He commended me on being so observant.

" 'Would you like to join our army?' the colonel asked.

" 'Yes sir, that is my reason for coming here,' I replied.

"He then explained that I could enlist, but once I joined I would have to consider myself in the same category as if I were a member of the US Army and would have to obey all orders and abide by all the rules of the organization.

" 'An American enlisted man is of little use to me here. He carries no prestige. We need intelligent Americans to direct the Filipino soldiers. If you remain as a member of our organization I will commission you a second lieutenant.'

"I accepted his offer."

April 29, 1943

"I left early in the morning on an assignment with orders from Col. Fertig, whom we affectionately call "the old man," to establish a radio observation station on a small island. I traveled with Major Halden, a Spanish mestizo, who was to take command of the Zamboanga area.

"Halden is a middle-sized man but heavy set with heavy jowls, shifty, blood-shot eyes and a big black mustache that curls up at the ends like handle-bars."

May 11, 1943

"I had become disgusted with Maj. Halden. He is little more than a social butterfly. All along our route he had encouraged the holding of parties and dances in his honor, thus delaying our respective missions considerably. I think the old man made a mistake in choosing Halden as commander of Zamboanga.

"Eight natives, including two women, had come to obtain a permit to travel to Lamitan, Basilan Island. I decided to leave Halden, so instead of giving the natives a permit I told them I would accompany them on their journey.

"We left in their sailboat just before noon. It is a day and a half's journey. About 11 o'clock that night I was awakened by a native placing a large mat over me. At first I thought the natives were attacking to rob me but I heard the sound of a motor launch nearby. We were about 10 miles from the city of Zamboanga, which they were using to cut our communications between the mainland and Basilan, since we were pressing them hard at Maluso, another city on the island.

"As I awakened I could see a good distance in all directions by the light of a nearly full moon. I saw a Jap launch 300 yards off our starboard stern and it was approaching rapidly. Without hesitating I slipped over the port side of the boat, clinging to its side with as little of my head showing as possible. A few seconds after clearing the side of the boat the Japs turned a spotlight on the craft and pulled alongside, tying their launch to the starboard side of the sailboat.

"Suddenly I had a sinking feeling. I remembered that I had left my shoes, pistol, duty belt, hat and extra clothes in the boat. Any moment I expected to be discovered as I heard the Nips questioning the natives. But after a few minutes, they left and their launch pulled away. I waited awhile and then climbed back into the boat. I learned that the two women had hidden my clothes and pistol under their dresses."

May 17, 1943

"A US Army captain arrived at GHQ. He had left Mindanao six months before in a sailboat for Australia to inform General MacArthur of guerrilla activities on the island and to get his aid in obtaining supplies for us. After reporting to MacArthur, the general had sent a commander to investigate the captain's story. The commander came to Mindanao by submarine and returned to Australia confirming the captain's report.

"Radio communications were then set up and the guerrillas began receiving shipments of guns, clothing, ammunition and medical supplies from Australia. Before the captain's journey the guerrillas had been trying to contact the US Army for weeks with home-made radio transmitters. The captain told us that he learned that Allied stations in Australia had picked up our radio messages but refused to answer because they feared it was a Japanese trick.

"We all welcomed the captain and congratulated him on the success of his mission. The Mindanao guerrillas are the best organized and equipped of any in the Philippines. Of course, some of the men have home-made shotguns and rifles but the majority are equipped with either Garand, Springfield, or Enfield rifles. We also have mortars, hand grenades and a few sub-machine guns. We have no airplanes or artillery but we are a very mobile outfit and can move quickly. The army is patterned along the lines of the old Philippine army.

"We have nearly 90 per cent of Mindanao under our control. The Japs have control of several coastal cities and the big Del Monte airfield, but since they have no planes here we don't bother their airfield garrison.

"Our principal task is one of intelligence — keeping Gen. MacArthur's headquarters informed about Jap shipping and troop movements. A number of enemy ships were sunk as a result of this information.

"The civil government in each of the provinces is headed by a governor appointed by Col. Fertig. It takes charge of all civilian activities. Our quartermaster pays civilians for any produce which the army procures from them for the feeding of troops as well as for any work the civilians do for us.

"They are paid in money manufactured by us on authority of the US Treasury. All currency is signed with the names of the members of the currency board. Small bills — less than 20 pesos — are stamped with the currency board's signatures. Large bills — 20 pesos and above — are signed in ink individually by all the board's members. The currency is rather crude, printed on a sort of cheap wrapping paper bit it serves its purpose and is accepted by both soldiers and civilians in areas controlled by our forces. I know of one time that a lieutenant commander in charge of finance and naval communications and of printing and distributing of currency, received authority from the US Treasury through Gen. MacArthur to issue 2,000,000 pesos.

"Jap activities in Mindanao are confined largely to the areas bordering coastal cities which they hold.

"We marched north and at noon attacked . . . "

TURN PAGE

GUERRILLA'S DIARY (continued)

We keep them confined to these areas and attack them whenever they try to expand their holding."

June 14, 1943

"Col. Fertig moved his headquarters and I have been named his aide-de-camp, although I'm attached to Lieutenant Colonel Hodge's 108th Division for pay and rations.

"The Old Man ordered me to transport ordnance supplies from our old GHQ to our new headquarters as my first assignment under the new setup. The Japs hold Misamis City, which guards the three-quarter mile strait in the long, narrow bay that separates Lanao and Misamis Occidental province. They have several 75 mm field pieces to cover the mouth of the bay and to stop our supplies from coming in by water.

"I made three trips by sailboat tonight. Each time I brought back food, supplies and ammunition and carried messages to our forces in Misamis. The last trip the Nips shelled us with 75s and 50 caliber machine guns. The shells splattered all around our boat but failed to hit it and we got back unscathed."

June 23, 1943

"Captain William Knorts arrived at GHQ this morning to obtain supplies for Lieutenant Colonel McLeish's 110th Division. I was happy to meet him as I'd heard a great deal regarding his ability. Knorts, along with Lieuts. Money and Marshall, were a trouble-shooting trio whose reputation was well known throughout Mindanao. They had been responsible for clearing Agusan and Surrigao provinces, with the exception of Surrigao City, of Japs.

"Knorts was known as a one-man army. I had expected him to be a big, powerfully-built man. Instead I found him to be of medium height, about my age, mild, quiet and unpretentious. He had light, wavy hair, a boyish, tanned face and looked more like a lithe college track man than a judo expert and a hell-for-leather fighter. Col. Fertig considered him one of the finest young officers in his organization. Knorts also was very popular with the natives.

"I WAS ordered to accompany Knorts and we directed the loading of supplies for the 110th Division on his launch. We were able to get only a part of the supplies aboard since the craft was small.

"After we had started on our journey the Japs made a landing at the 110th Division headquarters' area. However, we got word of it by semaphor from a high hill before reaching our destination, so Knorts ordered the launch to land north of the area and reconnoitered to learn how far the Japs had gone.

"He left Lieut. Pritz, an American married to a half Filipino, half American girl, a Filipino lieutenant and myself in charge of the supplies on the shore, which we loaded on a truck. Pritz had a year-old son, who he was very proud of.

"The Japs, meanwhile, made another landing in the rear of our party. Our supply truck was ambushed. The Nips had a machine gun as well as rifles and we didn't have a chance. They killed Lieut. Pritz, who had crawled under the truck and tried to hold them off with a 45 caliber pistol. The Filipino officer and I took to the bush and escaped, the Japs taking our truck and supplies.

"It was nightfall before we reached an advance patrol of the 110th Division. We made our way through heavy brush and jungle trying to find the headquarters. When the advance patrol saw us they ordered us to stop and were ready to fire at us but my Filipino companion yelled at them and they recognized him just in time. Then then sent a guide to direct us to GHQ. When we arrived there we found Capt. Knorts, who also had encountered considerable difficulty in getting there."

June 28, 1943

"Capt. Knorts and I returned to Col. Fertig's headquarters for the remainder of the supplies for the 110th Division. We had retrieved those the Japs confiscated in a swift night raid on their bivouac area the day before, killing four of their guards.

"Col. McLeish had moved his headquarters out of the enemy's range because of the Jap landings. We were to take this second load of supplies there. Fifteen Filipinos accompanied us in the launch.

"We ran into a tropical storm, which came up suddenly while we were in a shark-infested channel that had a swift current. It swamped the launch. Knorts, leaving the Filipinos and I aboard, stripped off his clothes and jumped into the water. He began swimming up the channel toward shore to get assistance in getting the cargo ashore. The rest of us remained in the launch until it sank. We then, too, attempted to swim to the beach. It was tough going. Although I was not bothered by sharks I thought a couple of times, because of the swift current, that I would never make land. When I got to the beach I was completely exhausted. I took check of our men and found that only nine of us had made it. Capt. Knorts and seven Filipinos were missing. Apparently they had drowned."

September 28, 1943

"I arrived in Jimenez at dawn on orders from Col. Fertig to contact Major Vallamor, ace Filipino flier. Gen. MacArthur had sent Villamor to Negros Island to do some work with the guerrillas there. The day after his arrival at Negros the flier married a native girl. He also sent the old man a message to come to Negros for a conference with him.

"Col. Fertig was an easy-going man, slow to anger, but this message infuriated him and he sent Villamor a sharp reply telling him that he knew where his (Fertig's) headquarters was situated and if he wanted to confer with him that was the place to come. The old man was not a militarist in the strict sense of the word. He was an army engineer but was a good administrator and had the respect of his men, as well as their confidence.

"Later Villamor received orders from MacArthur to return to Australia to present his report, but the major evidently disregarded the order because we received word that he was on his way to GHQ. Therefore, the Old Man sent me to Jimenez to meet him and act as his guide.

"While waiting for Villamor to arrive, I picked up a July 5 issue of *Life* magazine, which apparently had been brought there by a supply craft from Australia. It presented a review of the first 18 months of the war and contained a list by states and cities of Americans killed in action. Curious to know if any of my friends from El Cajon were among the casualties, I glanced in the California column for my home town — and there leading the list of names was my own!

"This infuriated me and I immediately sat down and wrote a letter to the War Department and to the editor of the magazine. I wrote the latter that 'I feel very much alive and I'll be damned if I'll die just so you can have some statistics to print in your magazine.'

"I received orders from the Old Man at noon to disregard the earlier order to meet Maj. Vallamor, who had not yet arrived, and to return to GHQ at once.

"I left immediately, although it had been my habit to travel from Jimenez to Mindanao only at night. And it was a lucky thing, too, because less than a half-hour after I shoved off a large group of Japs landed in a big coastal boat. Had I been there I doubtlessly would have been killed or captured. This I learned at GHQ late in the afternoon.

"I reported to Col. Fertig at once and he told me that my orders had been changed because he had learned that Villamor once more had changed his mind and wasn't en route to Mindanao.

"I gave the letters I had written to the War Department and the magazine to the old man for censoring. He smiled when he read them and told me he didn't think it necessary to send them, since an error had been made which he would correct by radioing the facts to Gen. MacArthur's headquarters tomorrow."

October 11, 1943

"The colonel moved our advance headquarters in the area of the 110th Division. I went with him and we traveled in a two-mast motorized sailing schooner. It was armed with a three-inch cannon on the bow and a .50 caliber and a .30 caliber machine gun amidships and another .50 on the stern.

"The skipper was a Filipino army major. He was a big, heavy-set man with long, bushy hair and a short, thick black beard, a swarthy complexion and a deep, booming voice. He looked tough and ran his vessel like Capt. Bligh in the movie, "Mutiny on the Bounty." If any of his men disobeyed him he had them either lashed to the mast and flogged or he keel-hauled them.

"During the journey I noticed the skipper scanning the horizon with a pair of binoculars and I asked him to let me look through them. He handed them over, but when I looked in them I couldn't see anything because the lens were cracked and blurry. I mentioned this to him and he asked me not to tell his men since the binoculars gave him prestige with his crew."

November 10, 1943

"WE RECEIVED a letter of commendation on the work the Mindanao guerrillas had been doing from Gen. MacArthur, which the Old Man read to us at dinner. He also informed us that in a few days we would receive a large shipment of supplies from 'down under.'

"Later that evening he took me aside and told me he was going to send me to Australia and back to the States on the craft bringing in supplies to us. I was surprised and asked him why.

"He patted me on the shoulder and said, 'Chamberlain, you've been doing a good job here and I hate to see you go, but you're a sick man. These malaria attacks you've been having aren't doing you any good. I want you to go home and get well.'

"I think there were tears in my eyes when I left him. That night I dreamed of home and Mom."

END

FOOD ON WHEELS

IT'S STILL true that an army travels on its stomach, but trust the ingenious Seabees to improvise on even an old, solid axiom like that. They've put the stomach on wheels, so to speak.

David Bodner of Stockbridge, Mass., commissary chief for a Seabee outfit, came ashore on Okinawa with a rolling kitchen. It was a flatbed truck with a large box mounted on top. Inside was the kitchen, complete from refrigerator to stove. An hour after the "stomach on wheels" hit the beach it was serving hot meals to the men.

This may very well be a new kind of chow record for military annals.

The rolling kitchen can provide meals for 1000 men an hour. Five built-in stoves are capable of preparing 130 gallons of coffee and 150 pork chops or flapjacks at one time. It also has a machine that makes a ton of ice a day for cold drinks and refrigeration purposes.

The kitchen contrivance also has running water. This civilized touch is created by pipes running from a 150-gallon water container to a sink. When its sides are let down, so that the men can be served, its 15 by 15-foot space is enclosed by screen.

The main purpose of the rolling kitchen, of course, is to provide men with warm chow as soon as possible. The Seabee outfit is attached to a Marine division and constantly is on the go. But the men know they can have a hot meal an hour after they pitch camp, no matter where it may be.

Bodner also revealed that the outfit has a bakery on wheels. At the next invasion they plan to serve doughnuts and coffee on the beach for the men as they come ashore.

"You know how it is," said Bodner. "Their feet will be wet and there's nothing like a cup of Joe and a sinker at times like that."

SGT. HAROLD HELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Like to own a SERVICE STATION?

First in a series on post-war opportunities

IN THE spring of 1919, a husky army corporal named Eugene Holman of Monahans, Tex., got his discharge from the air corps and, along with millions of other young fellows, began hunting for a job.

He wanted to work for an oil company — and, most of all, he wanted to work out-of-doors.

Corporal Holman was lucky. He got just the sort of thing he was looking for, in the geological department of an oil company. He was in on the discoveries of oil fields in Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. He went all over the world and worked in all the oil-producing regions.

Today, Eugene Holman is still in the oil business, but he no longer has a strictly out-of-doors job and doesn't do so much globe-trotting. He's president of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey).

Since the start of World War II, Mr. Holman has been giving thought to the millions of lads who (if the war continues to go well) will soon have the same great problem that confronted Corp. Holman in 1919: the problem of switching from the military to a satisfactory place in civilian life. This problem usually is solved when the veteran gets a good job.

So, Mr. Holman has a plan — a plan which he believes will help hundreds of qualified ex-servicemen get off to good starts.

We wanted to talk with Mr. Holman about this plan. So, we went to the Standard Oil offices in New York City and asked if we could see him.

"Mr. Holman has an appointment with a delegation," said his secretary. "Did you say you're from West Texas? I know he'd want to see you."

"Thanks," we said. "What kind of a guy is Mr. Holman?"

"Wonderful," said the girl. "And the first thing you'll notice is that he's, definitely, not a stuffed shirt. He's got easy ways."

She was right. We slid into the president's office. Mr. Holman, a towering, sleek-haired man with a sun-burned face, circled around the vast acreage of his desk and started pushing us up a chair, all the while booming a baritone welcome.

First, we talked about Hardin-Simmons, which is the college that Mr. Holman went to, and about Monahans, a lusty oil and cattle town on the West Texas flats, renowned for its tough high school football teams.

And then, gradually, the conversation worked around to Mr. Holman's ideas on placing veterans in businesses of their own and in jobs at which they will be happy.

"That's the important thing," he said, "getting a job for which you're suited. It means the difference between happiness and unhappiness."

In thumbnail, the main points of his plan for veterans is this: the Standard Oil Company will make loans (the sum of $3000 has been mentioned) to ex-servicemen who wish to go into the service station business. Lack of collateral will not bar men; the company is prepared to make loans on good character. They will not be obligated to sell Standard products. The company makes only one demand: it must be shown that there is a real need for the filling station which a veteran proposes to set up.

"We're not being charitable," said the Standard president. "It's just a good investment for us. The oil industry will need thousands of new retail outlets for its products after the war. Right now we really have only one customer: the government. After the war we'll have millions of customers."

Mr. Holman thinks service station operation should be attractive to many veterans.

"It's outdoor work — that would have made a hit with me in 1919. And, most important of all, a man who owns his own filling station is his own boss. I think that will appeal to these kids who've been under military discipline for years."

He believes that the service station operator will be among the key men in all post-war communities.

America will again be a nation on wheels and the service station is the natural point of contact with the consuming public. The possibilities are almost unlimited for the distribution of products in the "drive in" trade.

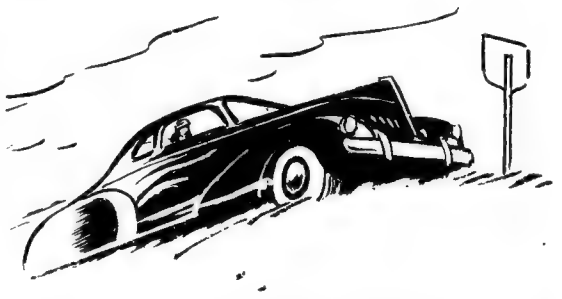
"The oil industry is, and will continue, re-employing its former workers as they're discharged from the service," he said. "Job opportunities obviously will be affected by the general economic situation. We are optimistic on this score. There may be a short period of readjustment immediately after the war, but only some very ill-advised policies or attitudes on the part of the government or business will produce a depression.

"After the war, thousands of filling stations closed for the duration, will be reopened. And there'll, undoubtedly, be the need for thousands of new stations. Veterans who make a success of their service stations have bright opportunities for expansion. For example, they can start paying for another station with the profits from the first one."

We asked him about chances for veterans getting into other departments of the industry.

"Probably, there will be a considerable expansion of the number of technically-trained men in the industry, and I urge all veterans to prepare themselves for this by taking advantage of the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights," he replied. "But they'll be a relatively small percentage of the total employment. The oil business has lots of workers but its needs for manpower in the producing ends is relatively low. For an example, in one of our refineries: one of the big units, a fluid catalytic cracker, which has a daily 'in put' capacity of 13,000 to 20,000 barrels of charging stock, can be operated by a crew of only nine men.

"In my ideas on setting up veterans in businesses of their own, I've been thinking mainly of distribution, for that's where the greatest number of post-war opportunities will be, just as the most opportunities in our whole post-war economic setup will be in distribution and service functions."



Mr. Holman told us again to be sure to emphasize the one provision in his offer: the veteran must show that there's a need for the service station that he's setting up and that the business will have a good chance of success.

"We'll give them the word, sir," we said.

And then he was saying goodbye in his booming voice. And we went out, past the waiting delegation.

We stopped for a little while to look at an old roller-top desk that had belonged to a president of the old Standard Oil Company, John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

And then we left the offices, through a big room lined with the oil portraits of a lot of stern-faced former Standard Oil presidents, at least two of whom started out in the filling station business.

SGT. FRANK X. TOLBERT
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

A Japanese Speaks Up

HIS name is Kosaburo Iyesaka. He is an old man, bespectacled, with a face as wry as a prune. His slight body has a bend to it.

You would think, to see him shuffling along one of the dusty Okinawa streets, that the first stiff wind would blow him away. Yet, he is a one-man anti-Japanese force. He is a typhoon blowing back at the war lords of his native land.

He is completely outspoken in his opposition to the Japanese cause in this war. He has rallied the Okinawans into having confidence in the American way. He has most certainly put his head in a noose as far as Tokyo is concerned, but he goes blithely on his way for all that — speaking out in behalf of America and attending to the ills of the people around him.

Kosaburo Iyesaka is a doctor. Born in the northern part of Japan, he went to Kumamoto Medical School. For ten years he practiced medicine in Japan and for 25 at Okinawa. The Okinawans have a great respect for him.

He tells everyone that Japan will be defeated and that the defeat will come sooner than most people believe.

The doctor speaks English, although it is rather difficult for him. He is much more fluent when writing it. Soon after the American invasion of Okinawa he addressed a letter to the "Honorable Army and Navy Surgeons and High Officers of the American Forces on Okinawa" in which he criticized the Japanese war policy as being for "superstitious dreamers."

It is Kosaburo Iyesaka's belief that the Japanese people will aid the Americans in the overthrow of Japan's war lords. He infers that there may be a substantial underground movement in Japan. But he will not promise out-and-out open support of the American forces.

He says it may have to be "latent." He believes that there is a chance that the people may revolt against their war leaders even before Americans land on Japan.

Dr. Iyesaka says that the Japanese people are miserable and curse the war. He says the Japanese army started the war out of "self-conceit, selfishness and for power."

"The true origin of the Japanese Empire's downfall," he says, "took place many years ago when peace-loving cabinet members and scholars were killed by the Japanese army leaders."

The frail little doctor believes that it is not only quite possible for Japan and America to live in peace, but that most of the Japanese people feel that's the way it should be.

One day Lieutenant Commander Harry Horwitz of the navy's medical corps on Okinawa received a letter from Dr. Iyesaka in which he said: "I am very happy doing sick call work at stockade and Red Cross service under your excellent clinic leadership. I am praying soon to see American banners waving high up in the blue skies and over the blue waters of Loochow (the ancient name for the Ryukyus Islands). May God bless the USMC."

At the bottom of the letter he mentioned a gift he was going to present to Lieut. Comdr. Horwitz. It was a Japanese dancing girl's dress.

"Perhaps Mrs. Horwitz can make a nightgown out of it," he wrote.

SGT. HAROLD HELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Flash Red—Condition Yellow

Life can be bright and cheerful even when the Nips are blasting your area

by Sgt. Duane Decker
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

DON'T think I wasn't plenty worried about Mike there for a while at Okinawa. When he first started acting so queer I thought maybe he was bucking for a psycho survey. Later, I decided he was really cracking up.

He couldn't sleep nights. He hardly ate a thing. And I couldn't get him to shoot the breeze the way we always used to do. He just walked around, chain-smoking, looking moody and tense. He was a case.

He kept muttering that the whole Okinawa lashup put him in mind of a dream he'd had once while sleeping on a bench in Pennsy station. In this dream, he said, he'd walk around and find money everywhere he looked. When he woke up, somebody had picked his pockets and he didn't even have a nickel left for a cup of joe.

Furthermore, he guessed he knew when an operation was all fouled up, having been among those present through the Guadalcanal and Bougainville campaigns. After that, he'd gone back to the States and this was his first time over since then. He wasn't line duty this trip — he was just another rear-echelon peon like me.

For an old campaigner, he was certainly jittery. Maybe he'd listened to too many of those stories they were handing out on the ship — all about five-foot poisonous snakes, terrible diseases and the spigot mortars and rockets that the Japs had used Iwo to snap in on. Anyway, seeing how Mike was acting, I knew he must be cracking up, because we certainly never took the 'Canal and Bougainville with guys like that on the line.

Mike looked even sillier when you realize we were living in solid comfort — and I do mean solid. Why, we even had a real roof over our heads, Stateside chow and a private well with wooden tubs for a daily bath. We were living like kings on D plus 2 and not a Jap in sight. But there was Mike worried sick.

Already you'd have tnought the island was secured from where we were. And sitting out in the harbor was a sight to make you want to sing — a mass of ships that made Pearl Harbor look like a navy whistle stop.

Mike would say, "I don't like it, Harry. It could be Nashua, New Hampshire — and us 400 miles from Japan!"

For a fact, the terrain resembled certain scrubby parts of New Hampshire more than it did a Pacific island. And it was full of peaceful, bewildered little goats, pigs and Mongolian ponies wandering aimlessly around, trying to get the scoop on war. The gooks, who looked more Chinese than Jap, got right friendly after they saw we were not going to carve them up for stew the way the Nips had told them. In no time at all our runty hosts were putting the bite on us for cigarets and K rations. Things were getting almost like back at Guam. And fast.

But there was good old Mike, biting his fingernails.

There were lots of gardens, too, with fine big cabbages, Boston-looking lettuce, scallions, garlic and plenty of sugar cane, juicy and sweet. I guess Mike and I had practically everything at our disposal but a corner drugstore and the way things were going, the Seabees would probably soon remedy that.

"This is supposed to be the *Marine Corps*," Mike said, in disgust. "And here we are, living in the lap of luxury. It's a fouled up mess."

"It's my kind of a war," I said.

Even the bombers from Honshu and Formosa did not seem to pay much attention to us, or else our interceptors were being a brick wall about the thing — I didn't know which just then. When you're on an operation you long for a copy of the New York *Times* or something to find out what's going on around you.

Often, of course, our radar lads made contact with

"I printed a big sign. It didn't really mean anything at all, but it sure frightened people"

some of the Emperor's flying cadets and the siren would scream and the Yap-Yap would bellow: *"Flash red, condition green."* So we'd sit and wait to hear the ack-ack commence, ready to run for the shelters when the Condition changed to Yellow. But it never did change to Yellow somehow. And the ack-ack was being used like it was radium.

Mike could never get done talking about what had happened when we'd come ashore on D Day afternoon. After Iwo, we'd expected anything. And as it turned out, we might just as well have worn our dress blues.

There'd been a few stray mortar bursts but they'd been awfully stray. And the beach itself looked ready to handle the K rations and the grapefruit juice. Our First Sergeant looked around kind of embarrassed, scratched his head a minute and said: "Well, I'll be damned. Line up in four columns, men."

And we marched off that beach toward our bivouac area by the numbers. If Lou Diamond had been around, he probably would have gone over the hill in disgust.

ANYWAY, we bivouacked on the edge of a little town called Sobe. Everybody began to dig foxholes, but the way they did it killed poor Mike. Leisurely. They gave a fair imitation of a bunch of newly-arrived vacationists in the Adirondacks.

We found a pretty good shellhole and with only a little scooping we were set. We finished fast, way ahead of most of them.

I said, "Come on, Mike. Let us take a stroll."

Mike was still staring back coldly at the leisurely foxhole-diggers as we started off. We walked through what must have been the residential district of Sobe, before the shelling had broken a lot of local leases. It was only five minutes or so from our foxhole.

The streets in this Sobe were alleys, really, just about wide enough for a jeep to get through if it held its breath.

"Mike," I said, "with a lashup like this Sobe right under our noses, I see no reason why you and I should put up with this foxhole nonsense."

Mike looked at me aghast, as they say. His jaw hung down. He said, "You come on a major operation and you expect to live in a *house?*"

"Listen, Mike," I said. "Time has definitely marched on. That old Guadalcanal routine is getting a little corney these days."

Poor Mike — he looked like a buggy-whip manufacturer who has just been told about the invention of the automobile. "But Harry," he protested, "Sobe is out of our area even. The First Sergeant would not — "

"It is not my intention," I said, "to take the First Sergeant into my confidence on the deal. We will just leave our foxhole looking lived-in by covering it with a shelter-half and leaving gear around. As long as we handle our duty details in the day time, who is to know we are spending our nights in a house instead of a foxhole?"

"But this is officers' country, Harry."

"Who knows *who* is an officer?" I said, and I had him there.

He thought a minute and came up with another one: "But they've got signs up showing what outfit they are." He pointed to one that said Military Government and another that said III Amph Corps Artillery Sick Bay.

"So what?" I said. "We can make a sign, can't we? We can make a much more impressive-looking sign than those."

Well, to cut a long story down to the bone, I overrode Mike, picked out a house and we moved in.

IT WAS a very fine house. It had four rooms, a roof with just a few holes in it and walls on the back and on one side. Except when the wind blew from certain directions during a storm, you hardly got wet at all. It was a dream.

I printed a big sign that said: "KEEP OUT! THIS MEANS YOU! FMF PAC HDQ CLC." It didn't really stand for anything at all but it sure frightened people — they looked at it and walked by fast.

I found a sort of a rake and by tying some rope around it, it turned into a sort of a broom. So I cleaned out the house and the yard and then beat it up to Sick Bay to see a guy I knew there and came back with some DDT to fumigate the joint. Talk about home, sweet home — but all this crazy Mike said was, "We better dig foxholes in the side yard for the air raids."

"What air raids?" I asked him.

Next day we got through kind of early on the work detail and I said, "Now Mike, we have a little time to arrange some small creature comforts for ourselves. Such as good sacks and chow."

"On operations," Mike said. "You have got to expect to live on K rations for a while. That's the way it is."

"That's the way it *was*, you mean," I said. "Will you kindly quit fighting the Solomons campaign all over again?"

He sullenly refused to go with me when I went on a foraging expedition. He stayed behind, pacing up and down, chewing his fingernails and staring up at the sky as though expecting it to cave in on him any minute.

First, I got hold of a big basket and went around filling it with Okinawa souvenirs which were scattered all over Sobe. Then I beat it down to Blue Beach No. 1.

It didn't take me long to spot a landing boat from the APA I'd come in on. When it was unloaded, I jumped in and went back to the ship with it.

I took the souvenirs down to the galley, first. The Chief down there got his pick. I went away with a laundry bag full of canned vegetables and meat.

At ship's store, I unloaded more souvenirs and left with six boxes of pogey bait. Down in the hold, I gave the boys what was left in the basket and managed to pull out with two cots and mattresses rolled neatly together.

I put all this stuff on a loaded cargo net and joined it in the landing boat. When it developed that the landing boat wasn't going to Blue Beach, we hailed a passing duck that was and transferred me and my loot.

By a pleasant coincidence, this duck was full of grapefruit juice and canned peaches, of which I am very fond. So before we reached the beach, I had a case of each and the duck-boys had two boxes of pogey bait. Then, on the beach — for a third box of pogey bait — I got a jeep taxi, express to the front door. You couldn't have got as good service along Madison Avenue, New York City.

WHEN I lugged all these treasures inside the house, I felt as though a Brig-General could not have done much better in just a few hours like that. At last, I thought, Mike will relax a little — he is nuts for pogey bait and peaches.

But all he did was glance at it, sniff and say. "Back on Bougainville we made one of the best stews I ever tasted, all out of C rations. We cooked it in my helmet."

That was when I gave up on him. I tried him with a canteen cup full of peaches later, but he shook his head in that worried way of his and said, "I do not seem to have much of an appetite, Harry."

It was on D plus 4 that we got kicked out. We'd finished for the day and hurried down to our little nest to hit the cots. But, blocking the front entrance was a big MP with a look of the law about him. He said, "Where you guys think you're goin' ?"

"We live here, sort of," I explained.

"You mean you *did* live here," he said.

"What is this, Mac?" I said. "We got gear and chow in there."

"That's t.s.," he said. "The dump has been condemned. It ain't even sanitary for roaches to live in. It stinks."

"We found it quite comfortable," I said, coldly.

I argued a while but it was no use. We were out. Finally I gave up and went back to the foxhole.

That was D plus 4. At dawn on D plus 5, a screaming siren woke us up. It was bitter cold and rain was pouring down on us. We were sleeping in muck as the shelter-half had blown away. We stood up, stiff with the cold, soaked to the skin, and looked around. Just then the Yap-Yap bellowed:

"Flash red, condition yellow!"

And then all hell really broke loose.

Ack-ack turned the sky into a big polka-dot dress. Planes from nowhere were diving in flames all over the sky. A bomb hit near us and the concussion knocked us flat. A strafer shot by and we lay there holding our heads in the muck, panting. I was scared, frozen, sick, miserable. I wished they would get me and do it fast. And then Mike turned to me.

He said, "When they get these bastards cleaned out up there, let's hustle over to the galley and get some chow. I'm starved, Harry."

He wiped mud off his face. Then he grinned at me. "Relax," he said. "What are you getting all worked up about?" **END**

SOME FACTS ON DEMOBILIZATION

Army points don't apply to Marines, but our plan will be ready when word comes

VICTORY in Europe has not, for the present at least, had any effect on the return of Marines to civilian life. In reply to inquiries concerning any plans for partial demobilization, such as the army is effecting, Headquarters of the Marine Corps has issued a memorandum setting forth its policy.

"Although public announcement has been made that the arrival of V-E Day has a negligible effect on the employment of the navy, unquestionably the public, including members of Congress, fail to realize that Marines are concentrated entirely in the Pacific theatre and cannot adopt a partial demobilization program similar to that of the army without appreciable loss of combat efficiency," the Headquarters statement said.

"The contention of those who are questioning Marine Corps policy is that the average Marine has seen at least as much combat duty as those being discharged under the army point system. It is further contended that there is no reason why such preferential treatment should be afforded army personnel at the expense of the Marines.

"While the validity of these arguments is admitted, the fact remains that the practicability of such partial demobilization procedure rests entirely upon the fact that the army is being cut back in its total strength.

"A similar cut-back in the Marines Corps is not being effected. Discharging from the Marines Corps under other than current policies would result in an appreciable decrease in manpower available for a combat assignment since replacements for those discharged must necessarily be restricted to a training or non-available status for a minimum period of six months."

Of the day when partial demobilization is decided on, the memorandum said:

"When partial demobilization of the Marine Corps is directed by higher authority, it is the present plan of this headquarters to inaugurate a formula for release which will insure a rapid, equitable and orderly demobilization of Marine Corps personnel. Plans to that end are being made the subject of continuing study with an idea to keeping them flexible in order to take advantage of changing circumstances in the Pacific. It is believed that specific commitment as to the release formula, if made at this time, would be subject to change, thereby causing possible disappointment and misunderstanding." **END**

The Dope on Furloughs and Leaves

LETTER OF INSTRUCTION NO. 1024

From: Commandant of the Marine Corps.
To: All Commanding Officers.
Subject: Leaves of absence to officers and furloughs to enlisted personnel.
References: (1) Marine Corps Circular Letter No. 624, dated 15 January 1944.
(b) Letter of Instruction No. 837, dated 4 September 1944.

1. Reference (a) is revoked effective upon the receipt of this letter. All other directives and authorizations which are in conflict with the leave policy outlined below are revoked or modified to conform with these instructions.

2. The current policy of the Commandant of the Marine Corps relative to leaves of absence to officers and furloughs to enlisted personnel is published below for the information and guidance of all personnel of the Marine Corps. This policy is effective for the entire current leave or furlough year and for future leave years.

I GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS AND INFORMATION

(A) *Officers:*

1. Under basic leave laws, officers accrue leave at the rate of thirty days a year, or two and one-half days a month. The fiscal year is considered as the leave year for officers. On first appointment to commissioned or warrant rank, an officer accrues leave from the date of his commencement of active duty as an officer to the end of the fiscal year at the rate of two and one-half days per month. During this period he is not entitled to be granted more leave than is thus accrued. The leave record of each officer is balanced as of 30 June each year. On that date the amount of leave he has taken is deducted from the amount he has accrued, and the remainder, if any, is carried over to his credit. On 1 July, he is given credit for the thirty days leave which he will accrue during the ensuing fiscal year, and this amount is added to the remainder carried over from the preceding year. This procedure is repeated at the end of each fiscal year. An officer may accrue up to a total of one hundred twenty days leave.

2. However, in spite of the fact that leave accrues as indicated above, during the period of the war, leave is authorized to be granted only as set forth in this letter.

3. Leave (with the exception of sick and convalescent leave) is not authorized to be granted in excess of the number of days which an officer will have accrued (including that accumulated from previous years) as of the end of the fiscal year in which the leave in question is taken and every precaution should be taken to avoid requesting leave in excess of that accumulated. On 30 June, of any year or on date of relief from active duty, if an officer has taken leave in excess of that which he has accumulated, he is subject to checkage of pay and allowances for the number of days taken in excess.

4. Sick leave is granted by the Commandant of the Marine Corps on the recommendation of a Board of Medical Survey, approved by the Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. Sick leave and convalescent leave are not charged against the accrued leave of an officer.

5. All other leave, together with any periods of additional leave for travel time within the United States which may be authorized in connection with such leave, is charged against the accrued leave of an officer. However, when leave is granted as delay in reporting in official travel orders, leave is charged only for the period enroute over and above the allowed proceed and travel time. (See Article 1-20 (h), Marine Corps Manual, for example.) All leave taken, with the exception of sick and convalescent leave, will be reported on form HAVMC 730-DP, and commanding officers are directed to require all officers under their command to submit this report immediately upon the expiration of leave or delay.

6. All requests for leave or delay will include the following information:

(a) Number of days of leave requested including descriptive title of leave desired;
(b) Number of days of additional leave requested for travel time;
(c) Number of days of leave taken during current leave year, including descriptive titles of such leave;
(d) An estimate of the number of days of accrued leave due, based on the best available information; and
(e) Address while on leave or delay.

7. In order to avoid any misunderstanding, commanding officers should include in all letters or endorsements granting leave (or delay) a statement giving the exact date of expiration of leave or date of reporting at new station on expiration of delay.

8. A retired officer assigned to active duty is not entitled to cumulative leave of absence that has accrued prior to his retirement, notwithstanding the fact that his assignment to active duty occurred immediately after his retirement. (Article 24-75 (6), Marine Corps Manual).

(B) *Enlisted personnel:*

1. The enlistment year, as defined in reference (b), is considered the leave year for enlisted personnel.

2. When travel time is granted in connection with and in addition to furlough, enlisted personnel are entitled to furlough rations for the travel time involved. Such travel time is not chargeable against total furlough granted.

3. Convalescent leave granted to enlisted personnel is considered to be a part of the period of hospitalization and will not be included in the computation of furlough due.

4. All requests for furlough will include the following information:

(a) Number of days of furlough desired, including descriptive title of same;
(b) Number of days requested as travel time;
(c) Number of days and kind of furlough taken during current leave year; and
(d) Address while on furlough or delay.

5. Every reasonable care will be exercised to insure that the recipient of furlough is granted travel time only to a bona fide leave address.

6. Travel time to enlisted personnel is limited to ten days in an enlistment year. Proper notation of all travel time authorized in connection with furlough will therefore be entered under "furlough data" in the service record book of the personnel concerned. When travel time is granted in connection with delay only the excess period authorized to proceed via leave address to new station will be entered.

7. In order to avoid misunderstanding commanding officers should include in all letters or endorsements granting furlough (or delay) a statement giving the exact date of expiration of furlough or date of reporting at new station on expiration of delay.

II TRAVEL TIME

(A) *General:*

1. The purpose of travel time as authorized in this section is to enable personnel to spend the entire period of leave or furlough (or delay) at the leave address. The determination of the number of days of travel time, if any, to be authorized in individual cases is left to the discretion of the commanding officer who grants it as he is familiar with local transportation facilities and is in a position to better determine the actual time required for the travel involved.

(B) *Officers:*

1. Under the leave policy set forth herein an officer may be granted leave to cover actual travel time required in proceeding to and returning from leave address. This travel time leave will be exclusive of and in addition to any other type of leave authorized to be granted, except that no leave to cover travel time will be allowed in connection with authorized sick leave. Commands authorized to grant any of the types of leave described herein may include in their authorization additional leave for travel time.

2. Additional leave authorized to cover travel time will be included in the report of leave taken which is required to be submitted on the expiration of leave and will be shown on leave on the proper muster roll.

3. In a case where leave is granted as delay in connection with travel orders, additional delay may be granted to cover the excess period required for travel between the places of duty via leave address. When under orders the proceed and travel time allowed under Article 1-20, Marine Corps Manual, is not leave. Therefore, the additional delay which may be granted under this authorization will cover only the excess travel time required for travel between the places of duty via leave address over and above the allowed travel time between such places of duty via the shortest usually traveled route. This additional delay will be considered as leave and should be so reported. When delay enroute is granted in connection with travel orders the commanding officer of the officer concerned is authorized to modify the orders to authorize additional delay to cover excess travel time required to proceed via leave address as outlined above. However, this additional delay may in no case be authorized if the officer's basic orders specify a definite date by which he must report at his new station, and such additional delay would result in his reporting beyond that date.

(C) *Enlisted personnel:*

1. Under the policy set forth herein enlisted personnel may be allowed travel time, not exceeding an aggregate of ten days during an enlistment year, to cover the actual periods required in proceeding to and returning from furlough address. Travel time will be exclusive of, and in addition to, the furlough granted.

2. When delay enroute is granted in connection with travel orders, the commanding officer of the personnel concerned is hereby authorized to modify the orders to authorize travel time to destination via furlough address.

III REGULAR LEAVES OF ABSENCE AND REGULAR FURLOUGHS

(A) *Officers:*

Regular leaves of absence to officers will be limited to fifteen days during each fiscal year, plus such additional leave as is necessary for travel time, except that during the remaining portion of a fiscal year, subsequent to the expiration of rehabilitation leave, (defined later), regular leave may be granted at the rate of one and one-quarter days per month for the balance of the leave year plus additional leave to cover travel time, but only after such leave has accumulated.

(B) *Enlisted personnel:*

1. Regular furloughs to enlisted personnel will be limited to fifteen days during an enlistment year, plus travel time, except that during the remaining portion of an enlistment year, subsequent to the expiration of rehabilitation leave, regular furlough, plus travel time, may be granted at the rate of one and one-quarter days per month for the balance of the leave year but only after such furlough has accumulated.

IV SPECIAL LEAVES AND SPECIAL FURLOUGHS

(A) *Officers:*

1. Where the exigencies of the service permit and upon authentication satisfactory to commanding officer, special leave to officers serving in the United States up to a maximum of thirty days, plus additional leave to cover travel time, and minus any regular leave taken during current leave year, is hereby authorized to be granted by commanding officers to permit husbands and wives, both of whom are members of the armed services, to be together upon the return to the United States of either from overseas duty. Special leave will be chargeable against total fifteen days regular leave or any unused portion thereof for the leave year in which the special leave is taken. Copies of all applications for special leave together with copies of the action of the commanding officer thereon, will be forwarded to the Commandant of the Marine Corps in all cases.

(B) *Enlisted personnel:*

1. Where the exigencies of the service permit and upon authentication satisfactory to commanding officer, special furlough to enlisted personnel serving in the United States up to a maximum of thirty days, plus travel time, and minus any regular furlough taken during the current leave year, is hereby authorized to be granted by commanding officers to permit husbands and wives, both of whom are members of the armed services, to be together upon the return of either from overseas duty to the United States. Special furlough will be chargeable against total fifteen-day regular furlough or any unused portion thereof for the leave year in which the special furlough is taken.

2. Copies of all applications for special furlough together with copies of the action of the commanding officer thereon, will be forwarded to the Commandant of the Marine Corps in all cases.

V EMERGENCY LEAVE (OR FURLOUGH)

1. All commanding officers are hereby authorized to grant emergency leave to Marine Corps personnel under their commands. It is directed that emergency leave be granted in accordance with this authorization only after the commanding officer concerned has satisfied himself that a bona fide emergency does exist. Emergency leave will be limited to such periods as the circumstances may require, but in no case will the period exceed fifteen days, exclusive of travel time. In each case, where emergency leave is granted, a copy thereof will be furnished Headquarters Marine Corps. Request for emergency leave in excess of fifteen days will be submitted to the Commandant of the Marine Corps for decision.

2. If conditions warrant, emergency leave may be granted to officers even though in excess of accrued leave. However, the period of such excess of accrued leave will be without pay or allowances.

3. Emergency leave will be considered as additional to regular leave. Therefore, any emergency leave taken during a leave year will not be included in any computation of regular furlough or leave due.

VI CONVALESCENT LEAVES

1. Medical officers in command of naval hospitals in the United States have been authorized to grant officers and enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps convalescent leaves up to thirty days, plus travel time, provided such personnel have been hospitalized as a result of illness or injury necessitating their evacuation from overseas. Convalescent leave is distinct from, and is not to be confused with, rehabilitation leave. Convalescent leave is not charged against the accrued leave of an officer.

VII REHABILITATION LEAVES (OR FURLOUGHS)

1. Upon return to the United States, rehabilitation leave for thirty days may be granted to personnel who have served overseas or on sea duty for a period of one year or more, regardless of duty station or type of duty performed except that:

(a) In cases where overseas service or sea duty has been less than one year, leave may be granted at the rate of two and one-half days for each month of overseas service or sea duty.

(b) Personnel who have had leave in the United States of thirty days or more during tours of overseas duty or sea duty with aviation organizations, may be granted rehabilitation leave up to a total of thirty days at the rate of two and one-half days for each month of overseas duty served subsequent to return overseas on expiration of said leave.

(c) Personnel on duty afloat (not on sea duty with Aircraft, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific), may be granted rehabilitation leave upon assignment to shore duty in the United States for such period as will aggregate thirty days including any leave in the United States they may have taken during the last year of their sea service.

(d) Leave to cover time in the cases of officers and travel time in the cases of enlisted personnel may be granted in addition to the rehabilitation leave due.

2. In any cases where personnel have been denied the full periods of rehabilitation leave due them on return to the United States by official action such personnel may submit requests for the remaining periods due them at a later date when the exigencies of the service will permit the granting of same. Travel time will NOT be granted in connection with such cases.

3. The Commanding General, Department of the Pacific; The Commanding General, Marine Training and Replacement Command, San Diego Area; The Commanding General, Camp Lejeune, N. C.; The Commanding General, Marine Fleet Air, West Coast; and the Commanding Officers, Reclassification and Redistribution Centers, are hereby authorized to grant rehabilitation leave as outlined in this section.

4. The Commanding Officers of all Marine Corps Activities, First to Ninth Naval Districts, inclusive; Severn River Naval Command, and Potomac River Naval Command, are hereby authorized to grant rehabilitation leave as outlined above in the form of appropriate delay, plus travel time, to enlisted personnel, discharged from hospitals enroute to their first duty assignment since return from overseas, or who are enroute to the East Coast Reclassification and Redistribution Center, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. The Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Naval Air Training Base, Corpus Christi, Tex., is authorized to grant this delay to men enroute to the West Coast Reclassification Center, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California.

VIII RECRUIT FURLOUGHS

1. The Commanding General, Marine Training Command, Camp Lejeune, N. C., and the Commanding General, Marine Training and Replacement Command, San Diego Area, are hereby authorized to grant recruits furloughs of fifteen days *including* travel time after completion of Phase I of training.

2. Recruit furloughs are chargeable against regular furloughs and having had a full fifteen-day recruit furlough enlisted personnel are entitled to no regular furlough during the first enlistment year.

3. Recruit furloughs will not be granted to members of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve.

IX EMBARKATION LEAVES OR FURLOUGHS

1. When the exigencies of the service permit, commanding officers authorized to grant regular leaves or regular furloughs are also authorized to grant embarkation leaves or furloughs up to ten days, exclusive of travel time, to officers and enlisted personnel, except male recruits, prior to being ordered overseas.

2. Embarkation leave or furlough may be granted regardless of any leaves or furloughs previously taken during the current leave year.

A. A. VANDEGRIFT

Ex-Jacksonville, N. C., liberty hounds might like to know that "Jax" has a new bus station—built in '43. Liberty is almost over for these Marines and they prepare to return to Lejeune

Lejeune Liberty

Going ashore in Jacksonville has faded to a minor thrill for the Marines now doing duty at the New River base

Tiny Billy Arthur is the editor of the "Jax" paper. He's seen showing picture collection

Newlyweds (such as these) often spend nights holding hands in a local hotel parlor

The dreamy trance of "J-Ville's" spit shine specialist gives a Marine time for his brew

A "Jax" slop chute. The brew is cold, but the "No Beer Today" sign often goes up

The only pool hall in "J-Ville." The cue wielder in this scene seems determined to make his shot, but the Marine onlooker standing at far right has all the expression of a "Doubting Thomas"

PHOTOS BY SGT. JERRY KOEPPLINGER, Leatherneck Staff Photographer **END**

The Vanquished Race

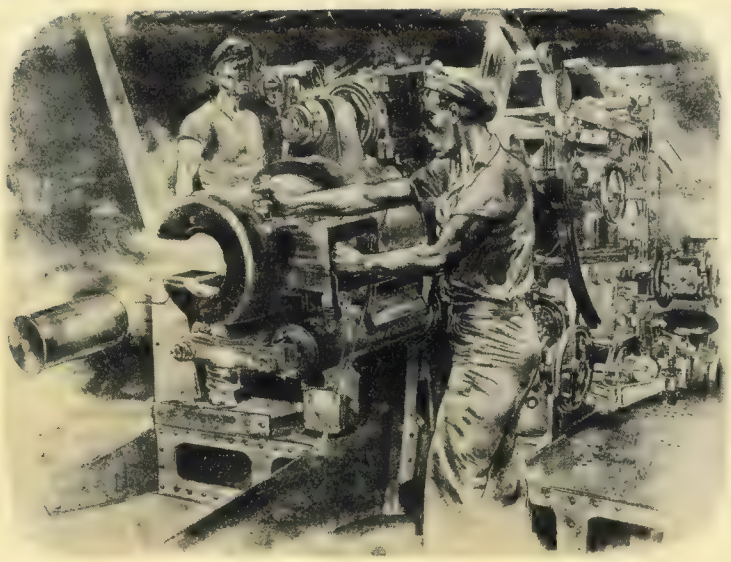
Joseph Arens, artist ordered by Hitler to sketch Nazis, made these drawings

Mountain rifleman in full regalia. He was one of troops drawn from Bavarian Alps

Squad of infantrymen on march. The unslung helmets, drawn faces indicate they're returning from combat. They all carry Mauser rifles and gas mask canisters, usually utilized as containers for hand grenades and personal belongings rather than masks, which most of the German soldiers threw away sooner or later

One of the most graphic pictures yet published of devastation wrought by Luftwaffe in Rotterdam, attacked early in the war

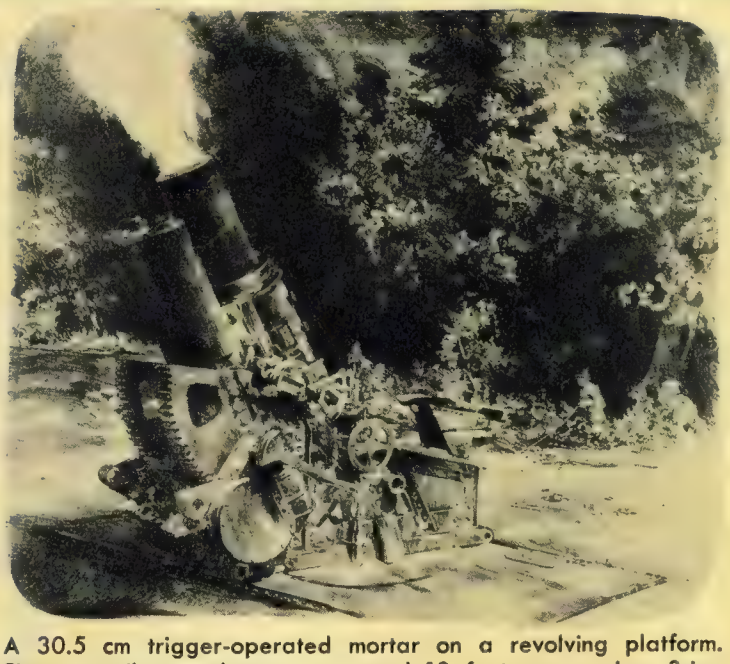
Nazi soldier takes time out for a rest in a wooded, swampy area as his unit prepares for a new advance against "enemy"



A 15 cm gun on an auxiliary cruiser just after being fired. Observe grim faces of gun crew and detail of the mechanism

Mounted infantry messenger rides past burning oil tanks in Dunkirk. Unidentified wrecked tanks can be seen at the right

Group of scouts and machine gunners rest after battle for English Channel beachhead. Man in foreground holds "burp gun"



A 30.5 cm trigger-operated mortar on a revolving platform. Sharp recoil compels crew to stand 10 feet away when firing

Party for the Kids

Up into an am-trac for the surf ride which the squealing children enjoyed more than any other part of the program

STORY BY SGT. CHARLES M. PLATT
USMC Combat Correspondent

The only thing lacking was a merry-go-round, but that wasn't missed

Frank Sinatra had nothing on these boys. The Cruz brothers, Pedro, nine, Ricardo, 10, and Jose, 12, come through with "Pistol Packin' Mama"

WHEN Marines of an artillery regiment stationed in the Marianas took time out from their war "problems" and such things as field days and washing dungarees to entertain approximately 150 Chamorro children, it turned out that the servicemen enjoyed the affair as much, if not more, than the youngsters.

The brown-skinned native boys and girls, with their teachers and a few parents, were taken to the Marine camp in trucks and treated to a half-day of games, novelty acts and refreshments. And, in turn, some of the boys joined in the merriment and staged a few stunts and capers of their own — to the huge delight of their Marine friends.

None came home empty-handed. Several gifts were presented to each youngster, carefully wrapped and in keeping with the age and sex of the recipient. The gifts came from the Christmas packages of Marines who had put them aside for the occasion.

At the start of the day's program of fun, a child was assigned to a Marine whose duty it became to see that his particular charge had a good time. Few of the men had any difficulty in overcoming a young friend's initial shyness. The shyness vanished for most of the children during a thrilling ride over the surf in am-tracs. This was the first big number on the afternoon's crowded program. After that followed a continuous round of games, stunts, acts and refreshments.

PHOTOS BY SGT. HENRY W. ROHLAND
USMC Combat Correspondent

A bit of cake and some fruit juice is put away while the girls' Marine "boy friends" stand by

Five-year-old Otto Lorenzo, under the utility hat, and his sister, Rita, four, pose for photo

Clad in GI shoes and cut down shorts, native boys watch novelty acts at regimental theater

END

The Boys From Alligator Flats

Ammo, water and chow were hauled to the front

They've worn out many a tractor, but they've saved many a campaign

by Sgt. Bill Miller
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

"THIS outfit is all fouled up," growled the corporal. He figured he had a right to bump his gums after a year's duty as a Pacific peon.

"Now, corporal, you've got to learn to take the bitter with the sweet." The calm voice of Gunnery Sergeant Morris Abramovitz bespoke wisdom and authority in such matters. Old "A to Z" turned down his chance to go out on 30 in New Zealand. A real soldier of fortune, he didn't want to miss the biggest war of all.

The corporal snorted in disgust. "Hell, I've been taking the bitter ever since I got in this lashup. How long do I have to wait for the sweet?"

"Corporal, you must be patient. I've been waiting 32 years myself."

Abie's deeds and sayings are legend in his old outfit, the veteran 3rd Amphibious Tractor Battalion. They know what he meant by patience after 30 months overseas, taking part in the invasions of New Georgia, Bougainville, Emirau, Guam and Iwo.

Like the old Mississippi rivermen who boasted they were "half horse and half alligator," they are as much at home on water as on land. The 170 veterans left of those who shipped out from the States early in 1943 can pull their seagoing time on many a sailor.

Training with the 21st Marines in New Zealand, Baker Company set some kind of a record when they drove their tractors 60 miles back to Mechanics Bay from a practice landing. That trip, mostly by water, took three days. One tractor was fitted up as a galley, with a field kitchen aboard. Several tractors conked out, but were repaired on the spot, and all made it back.

Formed separately at New River and San Diego with cadres of the 2nd Amphibious Tractor Battalion, companies of the 3rd Am-Tracs were at first more a part of 3rd Division regiments than of their own battalion. The first place all four companies were together was Waikaraki racetrack in New Zealand, a camp better known to the troops as "Montague's Madhouse."

Charlie Company was in Samoa with the 3rd Marines and came on to Waikaraki a few weeks before Able Company shoved off for the 'Canal. That was early in the summer of 1943, just before the New Georgia campaign.

At Guadalcanal, the tractormen lived on a steady diet of canned rations and were plagued by all the ills of the tropics — malaria, dengue, dysentery and the rest. Many can show the permanent scars left by tropical ulcers. Charlie Company lost many of its personnel there due to filariasis contracted in Samoa.

Once they were invaded by thousands of land crabs. The smelly crustaceans slithered right through their camp, piling up on the floors of their tents, crawling into their sacks and seabags.

They didn't have a chaplain, and they didn't cry much about their troubles. They built the best movie theater on the island and often sat through a show in rain so heavy they could barely see or hear. They had a crack boxing team, and they staged smokers and barbecues. They held a contest to name their camp, and Corporal Gandolfo Cracco won the case of beer with "Alligator Flats." All their tractors were alligators then.

Amphibious tractors or LVTs (landing vehicles, tracked) were used for the first time on Guadalcanal. At that time they were considered only cargo carriers, and that's how they were used on New Georgia and Bougainville, where they proved to be the only vehicles which could move in the mucky swamps and jungles. The squat, ugly alligators solved fantastic supply problems in those deals.

The 3rd Am-Tracs landed some assault troops at Bougainville and Emirau, but the full value of LVTs in the assault phase was not realized before the Central Pacific campaigns. The 2nd Am-Tracs saved the day at Tarawa by taking assault troops

TURN PAGE

across reefs which stopped the landing boats. After that came the development of armored am-tracs to carry and support assault troops in beach landings.

Only three tractors, manned by replacement crews attached to the 9th Defense Battalion, went to New Georgia for the Rendova landing. The crews were at Noumea when Captain Travis N. Turner asked for volunteers. Both he and the men thought they were going to Australia on some mysterious mission, but they wound up on Guadalcanal.

The group included a sergeant, a couple of corporals and several privates; all trained tractormen. They landed on Rendova on D day and immediately found themselves the most useful vehicles on deck. They were overworked so badly that a platoon from the 3rd Am-Tracs was sent up to help.

The alligators hauled artillery into position. They carried ammunition, water and chow to gun crews scattered widely over several small islands, laid communication wire across water and checked it regularly. Two of the three tractors in the initial landing were hit by Jap bombs in the big Fourth of July raid, but only one was knocked out completely.

Corporal Mitchell Tydryszewski was in the tractor that landed one night on the beach of Arundel island, just off Kolombangara, while Arundel was still held by the Japs. The tractor crew was caught by darkness while laying communication wire. They didn't know exactly where they were, so they headed for the nearest beach and slept there all night. They shoved off next morning, just before our own guns opened a barrage which preceded the landing on Arundel.

"They had quite a battle there," Tydryszewski recalls, with a grin.

Another platoon of replacements from Noumea came up to relieve A Company. Those replacements, with the crewmen of the first three tractors, joined the 3rd Am-Tracs when they got back to the 'Canal. Most of them went into Charlie Company to replace filariasis victims.

CORPORALS WILLIAM C. COKER and Edmund Paul Sweeney, PFCs Clifford Merrill and Herbert D. Phillips and Capt. Turner are almost the only men left in the 3rd Battalion who were in all five invasions. Tydryszewski and Private Donald A. Georges were in all but the Emirau deal, which doesn't count officially as an operation.

Bougainville was the first campaign in which the whole battalion saw action. Without their tractors that battle would have been lost. The beach was narrow, dropping off abruptly into deep mud and thick jungle. Bulldozers and trucks sank almost out of sight in the muck, and nothing would move through it but the alligators.

Tractor crews of the 3rd Battalion broke trails through the jungle, ramming their way through the vicious "wait-a-minute" vines which could tear a man's flesh to ribbons, through undergrowth so dense they sometimes used a compass to navigate. Colonel E. A. Craig directed his 9th Marines, as well as air and artillery support, by radio from one of the 3rd's alligators.

The 3rd Am-Tracs supported the Paramarines, the Raiders and part of the army's 37th Division, as well as the regiments of their own 3rd Division. Convoys of as many as 11 tractors moved from the beach to the front lines, hauling artillery, ammo, water and chow. After high ground was reached on the other side, they hauled jeeps and trailers through the swamp.

"We hauled all of it," says Asa Huskey, First Sergeant of Able Company.

The alligators had no ramps like some of the modern Buffaloes, and it was quite a problem to load and unload heavy equipment. Jeeps were loaded by driving the tractor into a hole, then rolling the jeep right into the cargo compartment.

Some jeeps were unloaded by driving the front end of the tractor onto a big log so the jeep could be rolled out in the rear. One radio jeep was unloaded with a rope and another tractor. The rope was attached to the jeep, then thrown over a tree limb and tied to the other tractor. The other tractor pulled the jeep into the air by backing up, and the carrying tractor drove out from under. Then the jeep was lowered to the ground, ready to drive away.

The tractormen took troops through a nine-foot surf on one beach where every landing boat was wrecked. The tractors were kicked around, too, and Sergeant Harlan L. Bechtold was thrown high in the air by one huge wave.

GYSGT. MORRIS ABRAMOVITZ

Able Company caught a lot of Jap bombing after they moved over to the tiny isle of Puruata. They were there the night an oxygen dump was hit, and things got so hot the tractors took to the water. Then a string of bombs landed in their midst, hitting three tractors. Eight men were killed, and many more were thrown into the water. Darkness added to the confusion.

Sgt. Bechtold was wounded, but he and Sergeant Roy Laird Roberts, now a lieutenant, got four men to safety after being thrown in the water themselves. One of the men killed that night was Platoon Sergeant Henry Booth Metcalf, who is described by 1st Sgt. Huskey as "the best Marine I ever saw." PFC Robert Xavier McDevitt was another good man lost that night.

Gunny Abramovitz was a tower of strength on Bougainville. He wouldn't dig a foxhole, but established what he termed his "mobile defense" at the base of a big tree. He claimed he was better off than a man in a hole, since he could run around his tree and be protected against fire from any direction.

Abie's icy calm when things got hot was a great help to the men who were facing fire for the first time. It was nothing new to Abie -- he was initiated in the First World War. Stuff would be hitting in the area and Abie would proclaim with an air of great satisfaction:

"Lots of activity. Good education."

Corporal Paul S. Shively (now a staff sergeant) had something of the same spirit. He would pop out of his foxhole during every lull in a bombing or artillery attack and pipe a tune on his sweet potato.

Joe Polasek, First Sergeant of Baker Company, and Gunnery Sergeant Anthony A. Pavlock actually got locked up on Bougainville for shooting at enemy planes. It happened on November 14, while they were leading a convoy of tractors along the beach on the right flank.

Jap planes swarmed in to attack the destroyers lying offshore. One of the Nips zoomed in toward the beach, about 1000 yards up, and Polasek cut loose with the .50 caliber mounted on the front of his alligator. He could see the Jap plane's insignia clearly as he fired. He and Pavlock were more than a little amazed when a runner came up and told them they were under arrest. He took them before the major in charge of that section of the beach, who proceeded to read them off for firing without permission.

"The Japs weren't firing at you," said the major.

Polasek and Pavlock did not react pleasantly to his viewpoint, and before long they were being led away to the stockade. The only other occupant was a runner for Colonel Snuffy Ames of the 21st Marines who was brigged for firing a .30 caliber machine gun on his jeep at the same Jap planes. All three men were out as soon as their commanding officers learned what had happened.

Back at Alligator Flats in time for a Christmas dinner of beat-up turkey, the battalion began a training schedule for the Marianas deal. Most of their tractors weren't fit for further duty after the beating they took at Bougainville, so they got a lot of new ones. Of the 192 tractors they took to Guam, only 46 were alligators. The others were new Buffaloes, although only a few had armor plate.

A ship took them to Tulagi to get their new tractors, and the men drove them back by sea. That was a ten-hour trip, with land out of sight part of the way.

In March, 1944, one platoon of each company went on the bloodless invasion of Emirau, planned as a full scale operation. It was the only perfectly executed landing of the war, since there were no Japs around to foul it up. The Nips pulled out before the Marines arrived.

"It was so silly it was pitiful," says Gunnery Sergeant Louie Gentry Barrow. "We weren't supposed to go in to the beach until after the naval barrage, but nobody fired a shot. Nobody even made a loud noise.

"All we found there were the gooks, clapping their hands and singing out of their hymn books. It was a nice trip."

Two months later the 3rd Am-Tracs boarded LSTs and headed for the Marianas. Its strength had been increased to four companies of five platoons each, twice as much as it had before and after Guam. The men had days of shipboard time before they hit Guam's beaches. The convoy stopped at Kwajalein, then headed for a rendezvous point somewhere off the Marianas. When the ships got there, they circled for days.

"We cut a groove in the ocean," is the way Platoon Sergeant Clayton D. (Silent Jim) Engle tells it. "The LSTs got their rocks off every day, tooting their whistles, running up flags and maneuvering for convoy positions."

After so much of that, the convoy ran short on chow, water and fuel, so it put back to Eniwetok to resupply. They even put a new crew aboard Engle's LST, and from there on the tractormen had more time aboard than the sailors.

Guam turned out to be the toughest deal of all for the LVTs. Even Iwo was less costly for the 3rd Battalion. They landed assault troops of the 3rd Division on the beach between Assan and Guadelupe Points, just below Agana, and on Cabras Island. The Japs were situated nicely on the hills, and had the beach taped. Their mortars and artillery were registered on the reef the tractors had to cross, about 300 yards out from the beach.

Nothing much happened until the fourth wave crossed the reef -- then it started. Tractor after tractor was blasted on the reef, and others hit mines and obstacles on and near the beach. The old alligators got it the worst. It was always easy to throw a trac on an alligator, since it doesn't have bogey wheels like a Buffalo, and a .45 bullet will go right through the sides.

Landing our troops on a Pacific island beach is there are no Japs around to mess up things

Corporal Frank H. Ellis and Private First Class Leonard Rapsard were taking a load of assault troops to the beach when their alligator threw a trac on the reef. In a barrage so heavy that troops in their tractor were being hit, they got out on the reef and fixed the trac, then went on to the beach.

Platoon Sergeant Robert Heiden was blown clear of his tractor as he went in. He waded to the beach and went to work organizing his platoon.

A pillbox on the left flank was giving hell to the troops as they landed. Corporal Vincent E. Horvath had one of the Buffaloes with half-inch armor in front, and he drove it directly against the pillbox, blocking the machine gun aperture.

Corporal Walter A. Beauchamp was killed when his tractor was hit just after landing troops in the fifth wave. A mortar shell landed directly on the gas tank, and the tractor went up in a sheet of flame and flying chunks of metal. Corporal William S. Baughan and Private Rollie P. Rohrsen were wounded and hurled into the water. Rohrsen was unconscious, but Baughan put a lifebelt on him and kept him afloat until they were picked up by Corporal Ralph H. Bean.

Captain Charles L. Mills, commanding Charlie Company, and nine other men were killed on D day. Captain Mills was first wounded when his tractor

hit a mine. He was lying on the beach when a direct mortar hit killed him and two corpsmen who were treating his wounds. Camp Mills, where the battalion lived after Guam was secured, was named in the captain's honor.

Private First Class Robert W. Blaine brought in a load of assault troops and was heading back when a Jap armor-piercing shell ripped through his cab, right across the back of the driver's seat. Blaine was hit where he sat. It was a serious wound, but he drove the tractor on out to an LST, got a load of supplies and delivered them ashore before he turned in at an aid station for treatment.

When the Japs made their breakthrough in that area, the tractormen helped hold a defense line for three nights. "But we didn't start killing our Japs on Guam until the island was secured," Engle says. He means the night late in August when a Nip officer led a patrol of 15 men right into their camp.

"It was about 2300, and lights were out. A sentry at a machine gun post saw the Japs; all bunched up and coming along the beach. He turned a searchlight on them, and they scattered like a covey of quail, all through our camp.

"Bullets were flying in all directions, and most of our tents leaked the next day. Two bullets went through the cook-shack, and some went through the head. Actually, everyone was careful where he shot, and only the Japs were hit.

"One Jap blew his guts out with a grenade right in front of our messhall."

Iwo Jima was much worse than Guam for the assault troops, but the tractor outfits were lucky. That was by courtesy of the Japs, who withheld their heaviest mortar fire until all the tractor-borne waves were ashore. According to the official report of Lieutenant Colonel Sylvester L. Stephan, who has commanded the battalion since it was formed, the 3rd Am-Tracs landed exactly 100 per cent of the 5th Division's assault troops.

The battalion lost 27 tractors at Iwo, and 26 of those were lost in the first three days of the battle. One was blown up by a mine near the south airfield, three were hit by shells, four were swamped on the beach, and 19 were sunk at sea from various causes. All the other tractors needed major overhaul when the fighting was over.

The 3rd was only one of several am-trac battalions at Iwo, but what it did is typical of all the others except the amphibious tanks. The battalion's job was the most spectacular but the least costly. The second phase was unloading of ammunition and other priority cargo from LSTs, which continued from D day until the afternoon of D plus 2. During that period the battalion's LVTs made 235 trips to the beach, carrying 650 tons of badly needed supplies.

The third phase was shore-based unloading from beached boats, LCTs, LSMs, LSTs and pontoon barges, hauling of supplies to corps, divisional and regimental dumps, evacuating wounded and dead,

an easy detail when as they did at Guam

bomb disposal and salvage. A battalion CP was set up on the right flank of Green Beach for this phase, and the tractors operated on a 24-hour schedule. Relief crews were used, but some of the men worked as long as 72 hours at a stretch.

Carrying a load of flamethrower fuel, one of the tractors went up to the front lines facing Mt. Suribachi. It contacted an infantry patrol, which was advancing with the tractor as if it were a tank. The patrol scattered when a Jap pillbox opened fire, but the tractor attacked with its two machine guns, a .50 and a .30 mounted above the cab.

A Jap jumped out of a trench and threw a grenade into the cargo compartment, wounding Private First Class Edwin R. Randall. Randall never stopped firing the .30, although he was hit in the shoulder, under the right eye and in the nose. Platoon Sergeant Arthur E. Rossi was on the .50, Corporal Jay B. Shouse was firing at the Japs with his .45, and Corporal Theodore Batko was driving.

Finally the Japs quit firing. Infantrymen found eight dead Japs in the pillbox next day. Not until the battle was over did the tractor crew get the flamethrower fuel delivered.

During the fight, another Jap threw a land mine up on the box of the tractor. It didn't explode, and was still there when the firing stopped. No one knew

The Japs made things so hot they took to the water

just what it was, but Shouse climbed up and kicked it off onto the ground. Later, when the same crew was assigned to a bomb disposal detail, they learned that it had been a small magnetic mine, supposed to explode on contact.

One of A Company's tractors got a direct mortar hit on the tip of the driver's cab. Corporal Harold W. Stoddard, a staunch Christian Scientist who never smoked, drank or swore, was killed instantly. Corporal Harold W. Ball was hit in the stomach, and Private First Class Darrell E. Loggan was wounded so badly he died later in the day.

Private First Class Jack K. Goranson was killed on the beach the evening of D day, and Corporal Robert F. Alexander was wounded fatally. Private First Class Louis T. Carr was hit in the same deal and found that the bandage in his first aid kit wasn't big enough to cover his six-inch wound. So he walked up to his driver, tapped him on the shoulder, borrowed another bandage and then finished the job of bandaging himself. Then he helped take care of Alexander.

The tractors had their worst troubles in the rough seas off Iwo. That's where 19 tractors were lost, and the men who were in those machines have some strange stories to tell.

Private First Class Claudius H. Minor was in the Buffalo which went down just off the stern of an LST. The tractor was standing by to pick up supplies when the bilge pump went out of commission and it started to ship water. It doesn't take much to sink one of the heavily armored LVTs.

Two other crew members jumped clear as it went down, but Minor went right down with it. He was wearing dungarees, a combat jacket and raincoat, steel helmet, pistol and belt and two canteens of water. His lifebelt wasn't inflated.

Luckily he had gas capsules in the lifebelt and managed to break them as he went down. The inflated belt brought him up underneath the LST, bumping his head so hard that his steel helmet was dented. The LST's screw was turning, but instead of mangling him it washed him up in the rear, where he and the other two men were picked up. Minor is still wondering how he got out of that one.

Corporal Bruno C. Laurenti and Privates First Class William F. Seward and Alex J. Hebert took their tractor out to get supplies, but the LST refused to take them aboard, being afraid to lower the ramp in the rough water. They were ordered to go to another LST, but it, too, would have no truck with them. It was getting dark, so they were ordered to the beach. Before they got there they ran out of gas and started drifting out to sea in the darkness. Iwo has no protected anchorage, and there is a strong seaward current.

The tractor drifted almost to the small volcano which juts out of the sea 35 miles east of Iwo, and it was 48 hours before a destroyer came to the rescue. By that time the men were suffering from exposure. The destroyer threw them dry clothes and a line, then towed them back to their LST. Just after they climbed aboard, their tractor went to the bottom. Another of the 3rd's tractors had the same experience and sank near the same volcano ten minutes after the crew was taken aboard a minesweeper.

Sergeant Leonard A. Stranc, Corporal Milton J. Potts and Private First Class Seth H. Pittman were the crew of a tractor that had a trac jam on the way to the beach with three tons of 75 mm ammo aboard. The tractor kept going in circles, so another tractor started to tow it back to the LST. The cable snapped, and the other tractor went to get help, but Stranc's LVT drifted off in the darkness.

An AK threw them a line, and they tied up at its stern. The water was quite rough, and Stranc was knocked overboard once when the tractor bumped the AK's screw. After he got back aboard, the screw started to turn. The tractor bumped again, and the screw cut a big hole in her bottom.

"We're sinking!" Potts yelled, and all three men bailed out, one lifebelt among them. Potts kept a firm grip on his beloved .45, and still had it when a Higgins boat picked them up. The tractor went to the bottom with the load of ammo still aboard.

After manpower got shorter than supplies on Iwo, 25 men of the 3rd Am-Tracs formed a machine gun platoon and went into the front lines with the 27th Marines. That's where Private Georges, one of the fightingest men in the battalion, got his second Purple Heart. He was in a foxhole, his feet crossed and stretched out in front of him, when a Jap sniper fired right over his head, the bullet going through both feet.

GEORGES, the same man who joined the battalion after the New Georgia campaign, was wounded the first time on Guam. Hit on D day, he bandaged the wound himself and kept going for three days before his first sergeant noticed it. He had a hole in his arm bigger than a silver dollar. Like many of the best fighting Marines, Georges had no knack for making rates. He was a PFC once, but got busted for fighting with a sergeant. They say he once whipped five men in a row.

On March 13, eight of the battalion's tractors landed some amphibious reconnaissance troops on Kama and Kamgoku Rocks, just off the west coast of Iwo. The Japs had been firing mortars and other weapons from the rocks and had been shelled frequently before the landing. No live Japs were left when the troops landed.

Corporal Robert (Shorty) Brew of the 3rd Am-Tracs was in his beat-up Buffalo on Red Beach 2 the day Secretary of the Navy Forrestal came ashore. The area was loaded with "brass," and the whirring and clicking of newsreel and still cameras drowned out the sound of firing at the front to the north.

The Secretary saw Shorty as he came up the beach. The tractor was battered — some of the damage was due to a Jap rocket bomb which landed near it on Green Beach.

Having a pretty good idea what Shorty and his tractor had been through, Secretary Forrestal spoke to the little tractorman as he came by, the photographers still thick around him:

"This is a hell of a way to fight a war, isn't it, getting your picture taken?"

Shorty agreed that it was. **END**

Some Come Back

The adventures of a pilot who bailed out amidst the Jap fleet

by Capt. Earl J. Wilson
USMC Public Relations Officer

SITTING on a box in his nipa shack, the skipper of the Flying Hellions based on Leyte read on the morning report something he already knew: "Second Lieutenant Walter Bean, USMC, Clipper Mills, California, missing in action. . . " He cursed softly and looked up through the pandanus trees at the dawn-red sun.

And several hundred miles away, clinging to a slippery coconut log somewhere in the heaving waters of the Visayan Sea, Lieut. Bean's eyes also were turned toward the flaming east. He wondered if this would be the last dawn he would ever see, because, for a fact, he never had expected to see this one.

For the past 24 hours he had clung to the rolling moss-covered log and his strength was giving out fast. His wounded leg throbbed painfully.

Bean thought maybe it would have been better not to have dragged the thing out; maybe it would have been better to have stuck to his plane, now resting beneath the rolling swells.

He was unbearably hungry even though the salt water he had swallowed was giving him cramps. A small crab appeared on one end of the log and easily eluded his weak efforts to catch it.

The long dark night had been like a dream with the luminous forms of sharks appearing in the water around him, retreating when he thrashed his legs, only to return again and again. Small fish had darted near him and nibbled at his wounded leg. At times he had been only semi-conscious, but the instinct to live had kept his numbed arms clutched tightly around the rough log.

Although the night was a confused recollection, the events of the previous day stood out crystal clear in his mind. Bean remembered taking his Corsair off the Tacloban airstrip on Leyte with a 1000-pound bomb swung under its belly. He remembered the thrill he had felt as he eased into formation behind the other Marine planes winging high over the Philippines. He remembered their mission: to strike a Jap convoy bringing reinforcements to Ormoc Bay.

THE flight to the target area had been uneventful and somehow peaceful as they cruised along at 10,000 feet over the big white cloud masses. Then he remembered seeing the enemy, looking like chips on the slate-grey waters down there below them as they pushed over in a dive. He remembered how his target looked, sleek and grey with tiny orange beads of fire flying up from it, as he sighted in on the Jap destroyer over his engine cowling.

Then it had happened. A sharp stab of pain hit his right leg and he felt the sticky ooze of blood inside his flight suit. A 40 mm from the Jap destroyer had got him. His fuel pump had been hit and his plane was losing speed.

Bean could remember clearly turning on his emergency fuel pump and the flood of relief that surged over him as the engine caught up again. He thought then he was lucky, damned lucky, as he poured on the coal and tried to catch his leader who was pulling away from him fast. It was no use. His hit plane didn't have the power.

Then out of the clouds had come the convoy's air cover, seven Japanese army fighters, brownish green, with the red meatballs on their wings shining in the sun. He saw them attacking his buddies. And while he was busy working his wobble pump, one had made a run on him, head-on. Looking up and seeing the Nip coming in, he remembered he had opened up, too.

Bean thought how the two planes had rushed at each other, breaking it off when only 100 feet apart. He had pulled up and the Jap pushed over into a dive, his engine smoking.

But his ship had been hit, too, and the engine conked out completely. He could remember the horror he had felt when he saw the floor of his cockpit covered with raw gasoline that was splashing all over him. This was it. He started down, maneuvering his ship to get in short bursts at each Jap he passed. One of the Nips got on his tail at 8000 feet and followed him down to 4000 before turning off. Luckily his aim had been bad.

He had called over the intercom in a flat voice that he was making a water landing. At 2000 feet he jettisoned his greenhouse. He was going down fast now, his prop windmilling, and no fuel pressure on the gauge. Easing back on the stick he had made a no-flap landing with the ship ditching neatly, staying afloat at least 50 seconds. It had given him time to get out of the cockpit before she went under.

2ND LT. WALTER BEAN

That fight with the water had been worse than anything else. He had swallowed a lot of salt water before getting his life raft out. But when he pulled the rip cord to inflate it, the air had bubbled up through the water and left the raft limp. It had been pierced by shrapnel. Floundering around Bean got rid of his chute, his raft and his shoes and blew in the hose of his Mae West until it inflated a little. Then he rested. He was exhausted.

Nearly an hour passed before he had felt like making any further effort. Then he jettisoned his belt and gun, his first aid packet, his jungle kit and knife. With his Mae West functioning poorly he had to blow it up every little while. This was tiring him. Sixteen Jap planes flew overhead. In another hour he had removed his flight suit. A coconut log about seven feet long came drifting by and he grabbed it.

He pulled up and the Jap roared by in a dive

Bean remembered how he had hung there completely miserable as the night surrounded him, alone and naked in a world of wet darkness.

He had never really felt he would make it through that long night, but now that the sun had lifted itself over the Philippines he felt a little better.

Maybe he could make it to one of those distant islands. He tried, but the seas were getting rougher and he couldn't make much headway against the current which seemed to be growing stronger.

The hours passed and two specks on the horizon became larger and he saw that they were two Japanese destroyers and an oil tanker. He saw, too, the current was taking him toward them. Bean knew what it would mean if they found him and he tried to swim with his log away from the ships. It was no use.

THE Marine pilot made a hard decision and left the log, his link with safety, and pushed off, swimming away from the Jap convoy with only his head above water. He felt sure they must have seen him.

As he watched the ships, he saw four sleek P-38's come diving out of the clouds strafing the Japs. To Bean they looked beautiful, but if they dropped a bomb it would mean his finish as the concussion would get him in the water. The P-38's broke off their attack and the Japs slid past and out of sight.

In a little while, Bean wasn't sure just how long, a small fleet of fishing boats began to near him. The wind was against them and they made slow progress, but he knew they had spotted him and evidently thought he was a Jap off one of the ships under attack.

The outrigger with the queer matted triangular sail circled him several times and one of the occupants called out and asked him if he was an American or a German after seeing his close-cropped blond hair. When sure of his identity they pulled him into the boat where he lost consciousness.

Bean came to for a little while and got a confused glimpse of the world. He knew he was being carried from the boat to a house. Then the blackness closed in on him again.

Regaining consciousness, the aviator found that artificial respiration was being given him and he was vomiting salt water. His Filipino rescuers told him that they had sent for a doctor and he allowed himself to relax, knowing he was in the hands of friends. The doctor arrived and gave him several shots of adrenalin and he slept all that night in the fisherman's shack on the seashore where they had taken him.

The Japanese still held the island. The Filipinos eagerly asked him when the Americans were going to liberate it. Bean was sorry that he did not know the answer. They gave him clothes, shoes, soap, a toothbrush and all the incidentals that he needed. Also, they gave him a pet monkey.

On the fourth day, the Marine pilot heard that the crew of an army Liberator was being cared for at a nearby town, and asked to be taken there. The trip was made by oxcart and when he arrived he found the Filipinos had captured and made prisoner two Japs who had crashed in a dive bomber.

His wound was healing rapidly under the expert ministrations of a Filipino woman doctor, who cared for the downed airmen. When they went to the cockfights they took her with them. At night the airmen played Mah Jong, although they really had little time for that as each of the citizens wanted to give the men a banquet and each tried to outdo the other in honoring the Americans.

Every other day Bean sent out messages over the guerrilla radio in an effort to contact a motor torpedo boat to rescue them, but his efforts were unsuccessful. On the eighth day he decided to chance it in a small sailboat and set off with a Filipino guide.

The voyage was uneventful. He stepped ashore on Leyte near where an artillery outfit was plastering the Japs. An army colonel offered to take him back to the Tacloban airfield in his launch. In two hours Bean was walking into his skipper's nipa shack. He had been gone nine days.

"I'm back," he said.

END

BETIO MEMORIAL

RECENTLY, Gilbertese natives on Tarawa held memorial services for the men of the Second Marine Division who died capturing the Japanese stronghold in November, 1943.

Two kindly Australian nuns helped conduct the services. The nun pictured at left is Sister Raphael of the Order of the Sacred Heart. During the Japanese occupation, she was, at various times, on Tarawa, Apamama and Apiang atolls. She was suspected by the Nips of harboring American bomber crews who'd been forced to land in the Gilberts. On one occasion, a Japanese soldier held a bayonet against her back while she was questioned about the location of some flyers downed on the atoll.

There are 37 Marine cemeteries on Tarawa, or rather the battlefield islet of Betio. Some of these well-kept plots contain only two or three graves, others contain hundreds.

PHOTOS BY WO R. L. CHAPEL
USMC Aviation Photographic Officer

Sister Raphael at Tarawa services

Battered trees grow again by these four graves

Gilbertese stand in silent prayer at a cemetery

Airstrip was named for Lt. W. D. Hawkins of Texas

Seabees built these memorials to dead Marines

"Tell it to the Chaplain" — and they do

Divinity In Dungarees

by Sgt. Harold Helfer
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

THERE were some Japs in a cave on Saipan and a group of Marines moved up to do a little tenant evicting. Among these Marines were two men named Brown, although neither was aware of this fact. One of the Browns was the first to enter the cave and was greeted by a Jap concussion bomb. He went reeling backwards into a mental blackout.

When he came to he overheard one Marine saying to some others: "Brown's been killed."

They were talking about the other Brown, of course, but the Brown that had just come to didn't know that. He looked at the group of Marines with mounting incredulity and awe, finally exclaiming:

"My God! Angels in dungarees!"

He thought that he had died and gone to heaven.

★ ★ ★

On Guam a Marine saw a Jap coming through the brush and was going to let him have it. The Jap, looking into the barrel of the Marine's rifle, said: "I am a priest."

He didn't say it as if he were begging for his life. He said it matter-of-factly.

The Marine hesitated. Then he said: "All right. Just walk ahead of me, Father. I won't hurt you."

Later, standing on the Jap side of the prison camp, the Jap priest said a mass for the Marines.

★ ★ ★

On Tinian a runner was dispatched to find Chaplain Roy C. Smith (formerly of Clarksville, Ark.). He ran up and down the hot, mosquitoey island without any luck and was becoming more disgusted by the minute.

"What's the matter?" asked a straggling Marine who came upon the runner.

"I'm looking for a blankety-blank chaplain named Smith and can't find him," the runner said.

"Cheer up," smiled the Marine. "I'm Chaplain Smith."

The runner blushed furiously. From then on he always was in the front row of the services, so's Chaplain Smith could see very plainly that he was atoning.

★ ★ ★

These little stories are offered as an insight into a Marine's spiritual outlook on the front line. The chaplains say they're typical.

The chaplains ought to know. They are probably closer to the men than anyone else. You can always tell the chaplain's quarters. It is the one that's always busy.

Once Chaplain Frank H. E. Wood (formerly of Chicago Heights, Ill.) was awakened in the middle of the night by a knocking on the door of his hut.

The chaplain opened the door and found a private standing outside.

"I'm hungry, chaplain," he said. "I'm so hungry I can't go to sleep."

"Come in," the chaplain said.

"I came in too late tonight for chow," he said. "I tried to go to sleep, but I was too hungry."

The chaplain gathered up some cookies and a soft drink and set it on a table before the Marine.

This is an example of the fact that no matter what kind of a fouled-up situation a Marine gets into, he is confident he always can get it well in hand — with a little help from the chaplain.

If he suspects his girl is running around back home — if he thinks he ought to be in another outfit — if he is worrying about the mortgage company taking the roof from over the head of his father and mother — the Marine drops in on the chaplain.

Most of the time that a chaplain is visited is because a Marine is worried about things back home. But the chaplain who has been attached to an outfit for any length of time is not surprised at any problem that's apt to be tossed his way. Being able to conduct services is just one of the many talents with which a chaplain has to be equipped. He has to be something of a Dorothy Dix and a Mr. Anthony and a Wall Street financier — among other things.

Chaplain William McCorkle (Lexington, N. C.) was getting ready to go overboard for a landing on Guam when a Marine who was staying aboard an LST called out:

"Chaplain, will you do me a favor?

"If I can, son."

"Will you bring me back some lizards, chaplain?"

"Lizards! For goodness sake, why lizards?"

"I have a pet snake aboard, sir, and I think he's getting hungry."

Like all Marines, the chaplain has to have a flare for being ingenious.

"He has to be something of a Dorothy Dix and a Mr. Anthony and a Wall Street financier"

There was a chaplain on Apamama who let the information leak out that Mrs. Roosevelt was coming there in a few days. She never did. Then he started a story that some women Marines were going to land there. They never did. Then he had Betty Grable coming out. She never did.

After a while, the Marines didn't know whether to believe him or not. But they couldn't altogether disbelieve him. After all, he was the chaplain.

To a friend, the chaplain confided with a saucy grin: "Sure, I make these stories up. It gives the fellows something to look forward to; boosts their morale."

One day, aboard ship, a Marine corporal came up to Chaplain Wood and handed him $4.40.

"I want to give this to you for some worthy cause," he said. "My conscience hurts."

"Really?" said Chaplain Wood.

"I won the money in a crap game," the corporal said.

But the chaplains will tell you that they are not conducting a religious revival out at the front and that, in fact, no religious revival is taking place. Men just naturally become more thoughtful as they face what may be their last minutes on earth, the chaplains say.

The services always are well attended out in the field. But there's another thing that pleases the chaplains even more. Members of one branch of religion frequently will attend the services of another. "Proving that we're all fighting for the same God," the chaplains say.

Probably the closest thing to a formal religious program came when Chaplain Henry Austin (Philadelphia, Pa.) sometime ago around Pearl Harbor made the casual suggestion during a service that some of the barracks might set up cuss bottles. The idea was that every time a man cussed he had to put a penny in it. And every now and then, to this day, a barrack's outfit before shoving off for action will hand the chaplain a mess of cuss-bottle pennies.

The chaplain's life, by any standard, is not an easy one. He lives the life of the men in the field and faces the same dangers. Marine chaplains go wherever their outfits go. Those with assault forces go in with the troops when they make their beachhead landings. Some chaplains have gone in with the first attacking wave. They frequently hold short services on the battlefield itself. While Chaplain Paul S. Redmond was holding services on Guam, five Marines were killed 100 yards away. Chaplain Roy C. Smith lost 30 pounds participating in the battles of Saipan and Tinian.

When you get down to it, about the only difference between a Marine chaplain and any other Marine is that the chaplain doesn't carry a weapon. Like all other Marines, the chaplain even has to work the "angles." That is to say, he must work through "proper channels" like everyone else. If it's purely a matter of consolation, the chaplain, of course, can do it by himself. But if a man comes up to him, for instance, and tells him that his wife is seriously ill back home and needs him, the chaplain can't just go up to the man's commanding officer and request a transfer on behalf of the man, although

the commanding officer may have the greatest respect for the chaplain.

What the chaplain probably will do is contact the Red Cross and have the latter investigate the man's family situation back home. On the strength of the Red Cross' report the commanding officer then may have the man sent back home. The Red Cross' report is something official on which the commanding officer can tack his transfer. If the chaplain suspects that a man may be emotionally unfit for combat, he will call the man's case to the attention of a GI psychiatrist. And so on. So, in a sense, the chaplain is something of a liaison man between the men and "the proper channels."

In many cases, the chaplain frankly tells the man that there is nothing he can do for him. But he tells it to him as nicely as he can, so that the man will feel perked up rather than let down.

Every now and then a man will call on the chaplain and tell him that he is a conscientious objector. The man usually quotes the Bible, the part that says, "Thou shalt not kill."

The chaplain usually tries to bring him around to this line of reasoning: There are exceptions to the commandment. For instance, there are passages in the Bible that indicate it is all right to kill animals. Then there are others that indicate that some men are better dead for the sake of society as a whole. As far as war is concerned, the chaplain will point out, both Joshua and David had the blessings of God in battle.

The toughest job the chaplain has is to inform a man on the front line that there has been a death in his family back home. Chaplain Smith had to do this twice during the battle of Saipan. Chaplain Paul Redmond (New Haven, Conn.) had to do the same thing on Guam.

★ ★ ★

THE Marine was resting, preparatory to going back into battle again, and Chaplain Redmond said to him: "I have some bad news for you, son. Your mother died."

The Marine accepted the news without comment. Then he got up and started back into battle. The chaplain watched him quizically. Before the Marine disappeared over the other side of the hill he turned around and said: "Father, you don't have to worry about me. The people that caused me to be away from my mother are the people I'm going to fight now. And I'm going to fight hard."

The way this Marine handled himself is typical.

The chaplain also is kept busy corresponding with the folks back home about deaths on the battlefields. Mothers back home want to know if their sons had received proper Christian or Jewish burial. Some families want the chaplain to verify a death. Some parents, even after the chaplain has made this verification, refuse to believe it and continue to write to their dead sons.

A good example of how the men regard their chaplains is this:

During the battle for Saipan, Chaplain Roderick L. Harley (Englewood, N. J.) started out with a patrol to officiate at a burial. On the way to their destination they found themselves cut off by a Jap force. They quickly dug foxholes.

During the night the Japs began seeking out the foxholes. The Marines laid low wherever possible.

But suddenly from one of the foxholes, the one Chaplain Harley was in, a Marine rose and blasted away with his M1.

Later his buddies said: "That was a crazy thing to do — exposing yourself that way."

"I know that," the sergeant acknowledged. "But on the last round the Japs' fire kicked up dirt in the chaplain's face and that made me see red."

The chaplains regard the men as highly as the men do the chaplains. A lot of folks back home seem to be worrying about the boys rehabilitating themselves when they return, but the chaplains aren't worrying about it.

Chaplain Redmond says that, if anything, it's the civilians who should do the readjusting. He says the boys on the front lines have come to know what it means to be supremely honest and unselfish in their thoughts and deeds and will resent a lot of bull and wishy-washiness back home. Many chaplains seem to feel the same way.

As a matter of fact, the chaplains say, there is nothing the boys think about and long for so much as the simple and homely things of civilization — such as a warm shower in the evening. Or it might be a hunk of apple pie.

So America doesn't have to worry about the boys when they come back, say the chaplains. At least not if there's enough apple pie. **END**

Joe and Suzi gripped the sides of the jeep and kept jabbering. An officer warned them to be quiet. Whenever the guards smiled at Suzi she let loose a flood of angry Japanese

Joe and Suzi

EVIDENTLY not all the Okinawans are, as the guide books say, "simple and polite." For instance, Joe and Suzi.

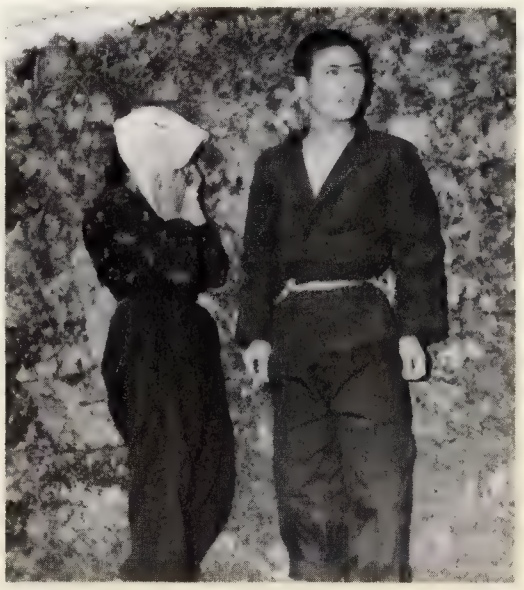
Joe was a broad-chested mite with scrubby black hair and a scowl. He wore a rather neat single-breasted blue suit. Around his waist was a furiously red silk sash into which was tucked a bundle of Japanese yen and sen notes. In his watch pocket were three dynamite detonators.

Suzi was chubby and shapely in a purple blouse and black tight-fitting pants Every time her round eyes met those of one of the Marines lounging nearby she tightened her lips and glared.

This romantic couple was discovered by Marines bustling along the sea coast outside their fishing village of Nagahama.

Joe was the first to emerge from a rock recess into which he and Suzi had slipped when they spied the officers. Suzi hung back and pouted.

Joe squirmed and spat while he was being searched, then became quite submissive when the detonators were found. He was, he insisted, a fisherman from Nagahama and when the Japanese soldiers had left for the south, they had been kind enough to leave the detonators behind so that fish could be blasted out of the waters.



Joe and Suzi pose for the photographer, but with latter unwilling to show her face

"Oh! Oh no," he sputtered, "no one had told me anything about blowing up a strong stone bridge along the main road. I am a poor fisherman. . . . "

When the Marines began to lead Joe up a narrow trail leading to the sea coast road, Suzi jounced along, shouting in Japanese.

At the road there began the tedious business of getting Joe and Suzi into a jeep, to be taken to 22nd regimental headquarters for further questioning.

First Joe was told to get in. He stared glumly and jabbered to Suzi. She shook her head. He refused to budge. So two Marines, with an "Up yah go " hoisted him into the rear.

Suzi stamped her foot and her eyes blazed. She unloosed a torrent of Japanese and squatted on the clay. She, too, was lifted into the jeep.

Now a skinny old woman came padding across a field, waving her arm and calling out. When Joe saw her, he leaped out of the jeep and she embraced him and pawed his bullet-shaped head. For the first time, his scowl vanished and he began to sob.

Back in the jeep he went, but the old lady refused to come, too. As the vehicle bumped its way along the terrible road, she followed for a few feet, then stood off to one side, her face in her hands. Other natives came and stood with her.

Joe and Suzi gripped the sides of the jeep and kept jabbering. An officer warned them to be quiet.

Suzi was remaining true to Joe; whenever one of the two Marines guarding the pair stared at her and smiled, she drew down the corners of her mouth and snapped in Japanese. One long, long stare prompted her to haughtily button a few loose buttons on her blouse and brush back her hair.

And when the CP was reached, and other Marines gathered round, Suzi was still staring defiantly and grumbling and Joe was telling another interpreter, "Oh, Sir, I am a poor, miserable fisherman of Nagahama. This is my fiancee. These little things" — pointing to the detonators — "were given me by some soldiers of Nippon who bought my fish. . . Oh no, they said nothing about blowing bridges, nothing at all. . . . "

SGT. HERMAN KOGAN
USMC Combat Correspondent

WE-the Marines

Edited by Sgt. John Conner

Your helmet, a few old tin cans and the top of an oil drum is all you need to cook hot cakes on the Ludwick-Schmitz plan. PFC Oliver Ludwick of Springfield, Ohio, left, and PFC Bailey Schmitz of Chickaska, Okla., produce morsels you would expect anywhere but on Okinawa

Shanghai Bound

Every time First Sergeant Fred Hoppe runs into Sergeant Currie Stout, or vice versa, there's a lot of palaver about Shanghai. They were there together once before and they are going back over a lot of dead Jap bodies, the more the merrier.

Once sea-going Marines, Stout and Hoppe first met in the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1930. They did duty together again in Shanghai five years later and made a lot of friends in the Fourth Marines. Then came the Jap march into Shanghai, the Panay incident and finally war, with death for many a Hoppe-Stout buddy in the Philippines.

"After the Panay was sunk," Hoppe will tell you, "feeling was so bitter between the Marines and Japs that enlisted Leathernecks were not allowed to watch the Nips parade through the International Settlement."

Stout, who is from **Augres, Mich.**, once served as Admiral Halsey's personal orderly and Hoppe, of **Norfolk, Va.**, was orderly to Vice Admiral Adolphus Andrews. Now both are with the Third Division, Hoppe as a company's first sergeant and Stout as an acting company top. They are young men who are going west.

Picture Pull

To an unidentified spot in the Pacific beautiful Jinx Falkenburg sent a fetching pose of herself addressed to "15 sea-going Marines." All 15 promptly claimed custody of the photograph. Somehow, ingenious 18-year-old Private Earl Wells of **Carpentersville, Ill.**, managed to stop the quarrel and got the other 14 to let him draw a name from a helmet.

Sure, Wells drew his own name. But that's beside the point. Why didn't Jinx send 15 pictures? War is rough enough the way it is.

Propaganda, Inc.

A Jap straggler who was taken prisoner during a mopping-up drive for some reason seemed to be extremely frightened of his captors. He could only gulp and shake, and close his eyes. He kept trying to hide his head in his blouse like an ostrich.

Finally, after the Marines had calmed him, he managed to blurt:

"Don't shoot. I'm no soldier. I'm a newspaperman."

He had evidently oversold himself on his own propaganda about the "American Devils."

"It has been decided to visit
Honorable kinfolk in country"

Rat Trap

Marines might have expected a few rats under the flooring of an abandoned hut in which they took cover during an encounter with a force of Japs in a narrow Okinawa ravine — but they didn't.

The fight lasted four hours, during which the Leathernecks fired through the windows and openings in a wall of the building.

Just before the battle ended, six Japs made a sudden break, running from a cave-like cellar beneath the floor.

It was a short dash. The Japs didn't make it.

Getting Down to Earth

Two "glory boys" of the Army Air Forces accidentally got down to earth on Okinawa — and after a mopping up patrol with Marines, came up with acute cases of respect for ground fighters.

"I'll never again complain about sitting out the long ride to Tokyo," said Technical Sergeant Robert A. Weirich of **Baraboo, Wis.**

"You walk and walk and walk, and then there's a cave, all of a sudden," commented First Lieutenant William E. Robertson, Jr., of Houston, Tex. "And you realize that . . . well, that there might be a Jap in there, and he might come out, and then you'd be face to face with him. And it would be either you or him.

"That's a lot different from the air. We never see a Jap, unless it's the blur of a fighter pilot's face as he goes by. And even then, that's different.

"Of course we have our worries, too, but that doesn't lessen my respect for the kind of fighting in which you have to go in; get the Nip out by the scruff of his neck."

The airmen were grounded while waiting for parts to arrive for their Superfort — which had been forced down at Okinawa by engine trouble.

On Looking Us Over

For what it's worth to the individual Marine we'd like to pass on results of a poll taken in the **San Diego** area on careless wearing of the uniform. Fifty Marines and a like number of civilians, most of the latter datable girls, were picked at random and asked three questions: What percentage of Marines on liberty are guilty of sloppy dressing; what are the most flagrant violations of proper appearance, and what group of Marines is most guilty?

About 10 per cent of Marines, on the basis of this limited poll, do not dress up to a reasonable standard. The mis-wearings, in the order in which they were most frequently noted, are: Crumpled or disarranged garrison cap, unpressed uniform, wrinkled field scarf and shirt, unshined shoes, uniform in need of cleaning, unbottoned blouse, fair-leather belt hanging on shoulder, off-angle barracks cap, and tailor-made greens worn by enlisted men. Unpressed uniforms and the wrinkled shirt tied for second and third place.

All the girls questioned said they prefer the Marine who wears a regulation uniform in a regulation manner. Most were completely unimpressed by the tailor-made Marine.

Replies to the third question carried the biggest punch. The interviewees pinned the greatest blame for bad dressing on overseas Marines who, after long service in the Pacific, now fail to see the difference between a salty and a sloppy appearance. Men just out of boot camp are showing better uniform discipline.

Quick on the Draw

Peeping through a keyhole to find yourself staring at point blank range into an eye on the other side is embarrassing, but not so embarrassing as the experience of some Okinawa Jap artillerymen.

Acting as a forward artillery observer a Marine captain inched his way to the top of a hill and leveled his glasses on a distant ridge. He started violently and sprang to a field telephone to order up a full course of heavy artillery.

As the barrage began to rumble overhead he explained.

"The first thing I saw when I adjusted the glasses on that hill was a group of Jap forward observers looking me right in the eye through their glasses," he said.

"They jumped for phones to give their artillery its firing directions, but they had to jump a little farther than I did. Our boys back at the gun positions laid their shells right into that ridge top before the Japs could get their data straight over the phone."

On a hillside somewhere in the Pacific 19 Marines of the Third Tank Battalion, Third Division, held private memorial services for 19 buddies who were killed on Iwo Jima.

Unique and impressive, the ceremony was at least one of the first of its kind. Navy Lieutenant John E. Hollingsworth, III, of **Birmingham, Ala.**, battalion chaplain, officiated.

After a short hymn and prayer service, he spoke briefly to the bereaved 19.

"I can't conceivably think of those brave heroes of this tank battalion as being dead," said Chaplain Hollingsworth. "For now, more surely than ever before, they live."

Then he called the roll of the dead, and as the name of each hero was read his closest friend in the battalion advanced and placed a small white cross on the altar. In the picture, Sergeant Walter Seflic of Detroit performs his part of the rite.

Eenie, Meenie —

In the melee of struggling men that is Okinawa, a Jap, armed with a bayonet lashed to a stick, stole into the foxhole of PFCs Arthur Catania of **North Braddock, Pa.**, and Sam Malicki of **Olmstead Falls, Ohio.** After a short but fierce struggle in the dark the Jap stalemated the situation by clamping his strong, broad teeth onto Catania's fingers.

The ensnared Marine held his adversary at arm's length while Malicki circled the pair trying to decide who was who. He poked the barrel of his automatic rifle against something soft and yelled:

"That you, Catania?"

Someone shouted "No" and Malicki cut loose. He was quite right when he figured that the Jap couldn't be articulate with a mouth full of fingers. They had to pry Catania's hand from the Jap's teeth, clenched in death.

Souvenirs at H-3

A carefully prepared amphibious landing was made on a small island near Okinawa. The troops moved cautiously forward and carefully entered the principal village.

There was no one there, except four Marine artillerymen too busy looking for souvenirs to do much more than momentarily glance up at the creeping infantry. They had made their landing in a native canoe three hours before H hour.

That's the surest way of getting souvenirs, of one kind or another.

Hail, the Conqueror

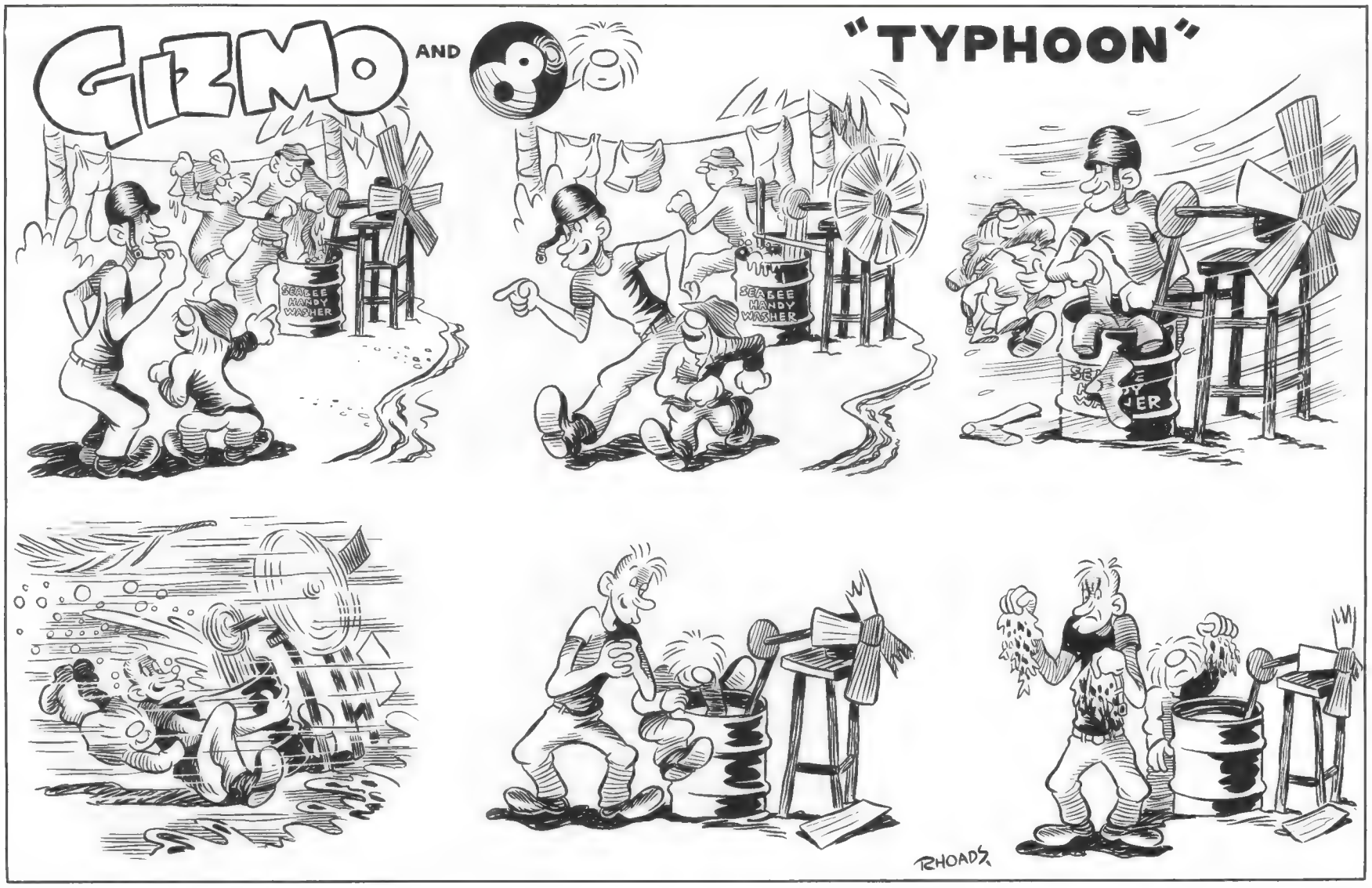
When you hit a beach like a Raider to rescue people from oppression you naturally expect to be appreciated, and perhaps even admired by the grateful citizenry. So it was with Marines on Okinawa.

Instead, there is bitterness in some places, for among the benevolent conquerors stands one, Corporal Louis Adams of **Schenectady, N. Y.** who is reportedly getting an overpowering majority of the bouquets wherever he goes. Adams is not to blame unless being six feet, four inches tall, broad shouldered and blond is a fault. The trouble is that he is the native conception of the typical American.

The natives point and nod their smiles when he passes. At one civilian stockade Adams' appearance precipitated a lot of crowding and rubbering, and other Marines heard mumbling about the "American."

"What in hell do they think I am?" growled an ordinary Marine, "an Eskimo?"

TURN PAGE



Wearing a pair of Nip glasses, Private Anselmo Como of North Bronx, N. Y., looked so like a Jap that it took his own commanding officer to get him released from a prison stockade on Peleliu

Sergeant Genaust

Sergeant William H. Genaust, the combat photographer who took motion pictures of the epochal flag raising atop Mount Suribachi, has been listed as killed in action on March 4, as the battle for Iwo Jima moved down the island.

The photographer, who was 38, is survived by his widow, Mrs. Adelaide C. Genaust, and his mother, Mrs. Jessie Genaust, both of whom live in **Minneapolis, Minn.**

Pictures which brought fame to the Marine have been incorporated into the film "To the Shores of Iwo Jima," a photographic account of the battle. At the flag raising, he operated his movie camera alongside Associated Press photographer Joe Rosenthal, who made the famed "still" picture of the heroic episode. Frames from Genaust's color film were enlarged and reproduced in black and white in the nation's press. His scenes also were used in all Iwo Jima news reels.

Genaust was attached to the Fifth Marine Division during the battle for Iwo, but fought with the Fourth Division on Saipan, where he won the Bronze Star Medal.

His citation said, "His courage and coolness during the action, which resulted in the annihilation of a large number of the enemy, were outstanding." He was one of three Marines who killed about 10 Japanese snipers hiding under a group of houses. The Marines later were pinned down by enemy fire from a cliff side but held their position although hopelessly outnumbered. He was wounded in that skirmish.

Genaust studied for two years at the University of Minnesota and later at the W. Warren Anderson School of Photography, and had seven years of photographic experience before he enlisted February 11, 1943. He was assigned to the Marine Corps school of cinematography and specialized in motion pictures while a combat photographer.

Taming of Shima Jima

Generally speaking, the Marines are in their fourth year in the business of taking Shima Jima, as the Japanese would put it. The words "shima" and "jima" mean "island." There's a slight shade of difference in the meanings, so to be proper in discussing a lot of islands the Japs refer to them simply as "shima jima" — which they have been losing a lot of since Pearl Harbor.

The taming of Iwo Jima and the subsequent collision with the garrison aboard Okinawa has brought Marines into a new world of words. Okinawa, for instance, connotes "an offshore piece of rope." The Okinawa Gunto is in the Ryukyu Retto. "Gunto" stands for a group and "retto" for a chain of islands.

"To," as in retto, and "shu" as in Honshu are, when combined with prefixes, other Jap words for insular territory. "Honshu" means "main island," "hanto" is for "half an island," and "shoto" describes a small island.

This has nothing particularly to do with the topic in hand, but Tokyo, our target, is pretty new in even the Japanese vernacular. The city used to be called Edo, but about 50 years ago the new name which means "eastern capital," was substituted. The Japs figured it would become the capital of the east and have been working exceptionally hard to make it so.

On Top at Okinawa

A company of Marines were making like mountain goats over the almost straight-up-and-down topography of northern Okinawa. High up on a towering hill they halted and, while everyone gasped for breath in the rarified atmosphere, radio communications were established with headquarters.

"They're going to tell 'em we're over 9000 feet and want flight pay," growled a leather-lunged Leatherneck.

Safe on Okinawa

At a base "somewhere in the Pacific" as the dispatches say, Sgt. Duane Decker started talking to an army sergeant one day at the wash racks. Decker noted the whiteness of the man's face and the awkward way he had of standing at the faucet so that the wind blew copious bursts of spray over him.

"How long have you been overseas?" asked Decker, by way of keeping up the conversation.

The soldier counted on his fingers.

"One week."

He sadly explained he was with the artillery and had been jerked suddenly from Georgia.

"Emergency stuff, eh?" queried Decker. "You're headed for Okinawa, I suppose?"

The sergeant looked bewildered.

"Okinawa? What's that?"

"It's sort of a base. Or, that is, it probably will be soon," said Decker. "It still needs some squaring away."

"Oh," said the soldier, relieved. "I sure hope it's not such a forward area as this place. We've had two alerts just since I've been here and I don't go for that stuff."

Flying Methuselah

"QUEEN OF RABAUL"
Five of her pilots won DFC

The "Queen of Rabaul", once a terror in a dogfight, is now a dowager queen who quietly serves as a training plane in her very old age. But although she is gone from the battle skies she's not forgotten by the Marine fliers she brought back alive from her countless missions.

The "Queen" is a veteran Grumman Avenger torpedo bomber. Nine of the pilots who pushed her through some of the world's worst flying weather are holders of the Distinguished Flying Cross as a result. Five of them are with her in the business of training new pilots at Santa Barbara, Cal.

To keep her in their distinguished company the five have painted a large replica of the DFC ribbon on her side. They are looking at it in the picture. Captain Robert L. Milling of **Fort Worth, Texas,** one of the five, is in the cockpit. The others are left to right, First Lieutenant Paul Fullop of **Mt. Carmel, Ill.,** Captain Jack R. Sloan of **San Francisco, Cal.,** Captain Samuel D. Aaronson of **Ansonia, Conn.,** and First Lieutenant Sigmund N. Auston of **Detroit, Mich.**

The old Grumman has more than 700 air hours on the log, most of them in combat areas. That is being as old as Methuselah in the world of fighting aircraft.

This Small World

It's a small world, isn't it? Just ask Corporals Robert Corbett of **Elmwood, Ill.,** and Lawrence Koffarnus of **Whittlesey, Wis.**

They first met shortly after the Marshall Islands campaign, in which both took part. They served together, after that, at Saipan and Tinian. Each was wounded on Tinian. Evacuated separately they were brought together by fate in the hospital at Noumea.

Both received their corporal ratings the same day, served together as group leaders in subsequent training, shipped together when the Fourth Division sailed for Iwo Jima, hit the beaches together on Iwo and were almost simultaneously wounded. Koffarnus went down under a knee mortar shell blast and a few seconds later Corbett was hit.

Several months later they met again in the Naval hospital at Oakland. But that's not all. In casting about for volunteers to help him raise money in the Seventh War Loan drive, Uncle Sam picked both of them.

Deep Six

A Marine on Okinawa offered a Jap prisoner 20 yen in invasion money for a watch charm. The Jap, who spoke English, looked at the invasion money and handed it back. "No," he said, "that money no good in Tokyo." The Marine snarled back, "Don't worry Tojo, it will be damned soon." . . . Quantico scuttlebutt would have you believe the Depot Quartermaster there now issues one rubber band to each Post organization and the accountable officer of each organization must sign an affidavit that the rubber band will be made to stretch as far as possible. . . . The Nips are making sure their "suicide pilots" live up to the name — body of one Jap flier was found wedged in coral on the East China sea coast of Okinawa recently. A one-foot-square solid cement block had been locked around his waist — presumably just in case he had a change of heart and decided to bail out of his suicide plane. . . . Henrietta the Hen is getting the best of care on Okinawa. She's owned by seven Seabees who drew lots to see who'd get her egg production. By rotation each Seabee averages about one egg a week. . . . More than 100 military chapels have been built on Guam since the island was liberated from the Japs.

Sniper fire, dark nights and the riding of assault boats to shore, in that order, are causes of the greatest battle strain, according to a recent survey in one Marine unit. . . . Reports from Okinawa reveal that Marines have uncovered Japanese movie magazines in some of the captured Nip positions. The pages are full of Marines' favorite Hollywood pin-ups. . . . The Horse Marines ride again — this time on Okinawa. Marine flyers travel about the island on native ponies. Unable to obtain saddles they do their riding bareback. . . . A first class Marine "field music" is supposed to know 150 different calls. Even if they fail on 149 of them, they always seem to get reveille down pat. . . . An apparently feeble old woman who hobbled out of a cave with a group of natives on Okinawa was unmasked as a Jap soldier in disguise. When his masquerading clothes were torn off an ample rag bosom fell to the ground. The Jap's Marine captors tossed for this unique souvenir.

Sgt. Malon H. Shreve, member of an engineer battalion of the Fourth Division on Iwo Jima figures a Nip in the sack is worth two in the bush. He was preparing, one hazy dawn, to lead a squad up to the Iwo front lines to blow up some Jap caves. An infantry officer offered to have Shreve's area of operation shelled before he moved in. "Oh, no don't," was Shreve's reply. "I don't want to wake those monkeys up." . . . Corp. Emil A. Findora of **Swoyerville, Pa.,** has tinted hundreds of photos of servicemen's best girls and believes he has heard every fault and virtue of womanhood. The model girl of the fighter in the Pacific, he says, is: 1 — Not too pretty. 2 — Not petty. 3 — Not curious. 4 — Old-fashioned. 5 — Good correspondent. 6 — Agreeable. . . . A Missing Baggage Office for enlisted Marines who have returned Stateside and lost contact with their seabags and baggage, has been opened at San Diego. . . . SSgt. Lloyd E. Diltz of **Fallbrook, Cal.,** was known as the "junkman of Iwo Jima." As headman of the salvage dump, he and his helpers picked up an estimated $35,000 worth of salvageable equipment. . . . Jap super-snipers who carried knee mortars and hand grenades in addition to their rifles, were reported in on the Iwo fighting.

In Dedication

When First Division Marines took over a town on Okinawa's east coast as a bivouac area, the hamlet's narrow streets quickly acquired the names of outstanding Marine leaders and men. All went well and everyone seemed to be happy until one byway sprouted a sign post bearing the family label of an individual who delighted in keeping a strict watch over working parties.

People weren't kept holding their breaths long. At an early date a second sign was appended to the first. It read:

"One way."

Texas Windage

This is the sort of thing they try to get across to the lowliest of the boots on the rifle ranges of Parris Island and San Diego.

Private Chester E. Carter was called to an observation post just outside Naha on Okinawa. A Jap mortar had been spotted firing from a cave more than 1000 yards away. From his position Carter could see just the top of the cavern's entrance.

He adjusted the telescopic sights on his Springfield rifle and waited. A head showed and he fired. It was a miss, but he made a fast mental calculation on the wind and fired again. This shot was in the cave and the Jap disappeared. Another came out, Carter fired again and the second Nip vanished.

Three days later advancing Marines found the two Japs. Both were dead, one shot through the head and the other through the chest.

Private Carter rates the expert rifleman's medal, and, you might know, is from Texas — **San Marcos, Texas,** a town of straight-shooters.

Chicken Comes Home

PFC DAVID L. JOHNSON
Hit 13 times, prisoner 33 months

To all the Marines who answer to the nickname "Chicken" we would like to introduce PFC Dave Johnson of **Jackson, Miss.,** a youthful defender of Bataan and Corregidor and for 33 months a prisoner of the Japs in the Philippines. Johnson, now only 20 years old, was the baby of the Fourth Marines.

They called him Chicken when he enlisted nearly six years ago — in January, 1940 — at a tender and unlawful age.

"Things looked bad then and I felt we were going to get into war and that's why I edged my way into the Marine Corps," he explained with a grin at the naval hospital in Oakland.

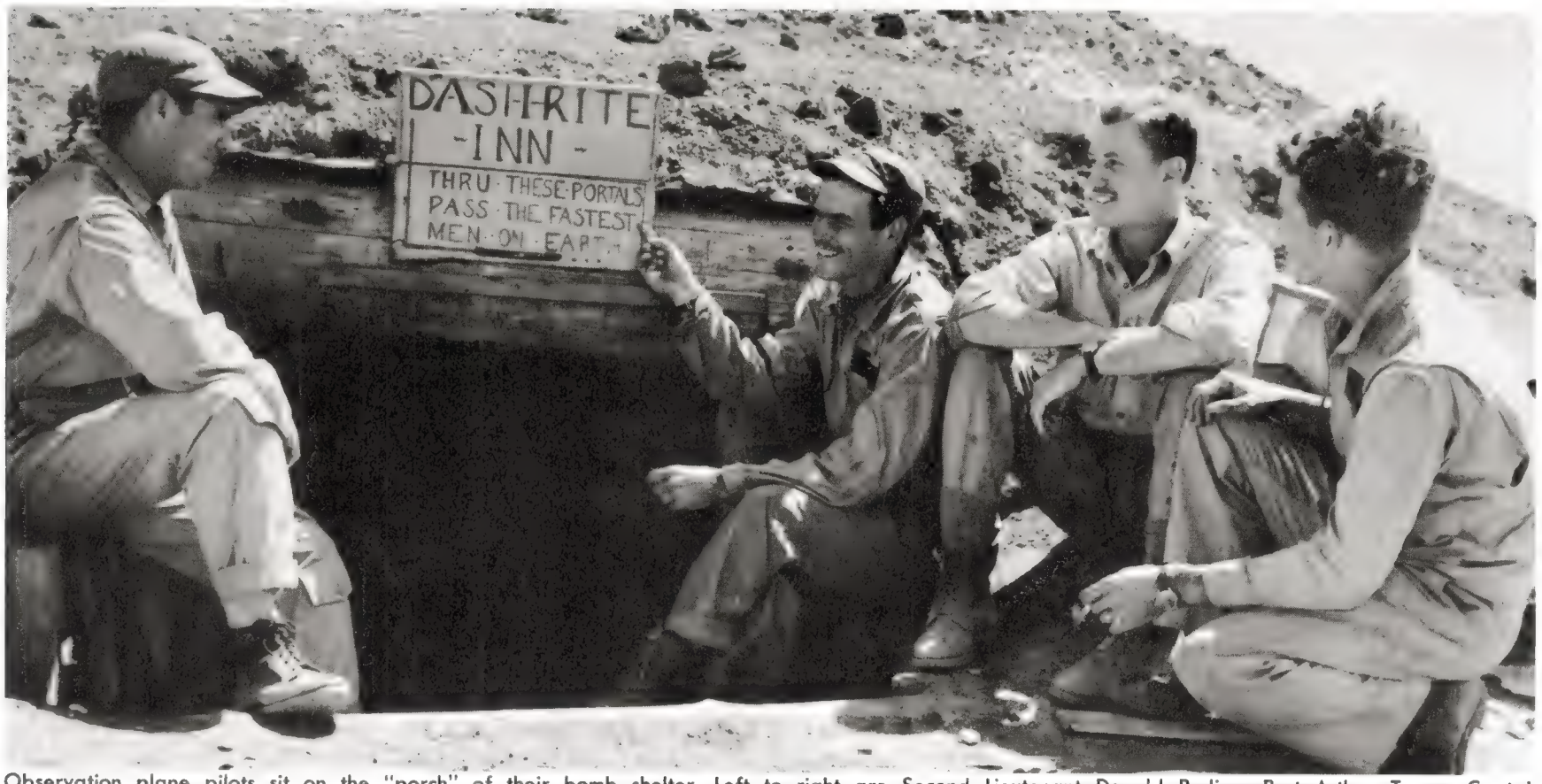
He was in Shanghai first with the famous Fourth, and later was transferred to the First Separate Marine Battalion at Cavite Navy Yard in the Philippines. Seven days before Pearl Harbor the Fourth sailed into Manila Bay and soon absorbed the separate battalion.

While fighting on a Corregidor beach with a BAR young Johnson was caught in a storm of Jap bullets. He had 13 wounds when the Japs picked him up from the sand and permitted American doctors to treat him.

Chicken lost a third of his 153 pounds in prison, but now he's in good condition. But he had to complete a thorough check-up before getting a furlough.

TURN PAGE

HASHMARK
YOU BETTER DIG YOURSELF A HOLE, HASHMARK--THE QM JUST FOUND 6 CASES OF "C" RATIONS BUSTED OPEN AN' ALL THE POGEY BAIT GONE !!
WHAT THE HELL YOU TELLIN' ME FOR ?? I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'--I--
WELL-I JUST KNOW WHAT A WEAKNESS YOU GOT FOR POGEY-BAIT, POP-- AN' THAT FULL PACK LOOKS A LITTLE FISHY-
!!!@#^^# OF ALL THE DIRTY, LOW-DOWN, THIEVIN' !!@#^^ WHOEVER DONE IT, I HOPE THE FLIES SWOOP DOWN ON HIM AN'
OHOH
FRED LASSWELL



Observation plane pilots sit on the "porch" of their bomb shelter. Left to right are Second Lieutenant Donald Rusling, Port Arthur, Texas; Captain Donald R. Garrett, Centerville, Iowa; Second Lieutenant Lester E. Bertels, Muskegon Heights, Mich., and Second Lieutenant Glenn Hunter, Deland, Fla.

Wounded Jap prisoner on Okinawa gets drink while curious Marines stand around to watch

Tale of a Tower

In the Palaus, a crossroads for air travelers moving between the Marianas, the Philippines, Australia and New Guinea, there is a rugged airport control tower that has stood the test of war in the best traditions of the Marine Corps.

This tower has a history. It was prefabricated at a rear base weeks before troops landed on the island. While Marines still fought at the edge of the airfield Seabees started to put it up and when the first Marine fighter planes came in from the south it was ready for use. The Seabees had taken 36 hours to erect it.

But trouble dogged its days, which were 24 hours long and filled with operational headaches involving up to as many as 50 airborne planes clamoring for landing rights all at the same time.

On an October morning an overlooked Jap sniper got the tower's shack, 85 feet above the ground, in his leaf sights. Sergeant Arthur Evans of **St. Louis, Mo.**, and Corporal Jack Lee Morrison of **Indianapolis, Ind.**, had the complicated problem of keeping their heads down out of sight and their eyes up so they could see the planes they were landing.

In November an 80-mile an hour typhoon siphoned up practically everything but the tower. Tents and temporary buildings went skyriding, and a Jap ammunition dump 200 yards from its base started to blow up. For two and one-half hours the tower's Marine crew stuck to its quaking post while Tokyo shrapnel howled past.

The shortest bombing mission in Marine history was conducted from its height by Marine ground officers. Corsairs were bombing Jap caves in the immediate neighborhood and the results could be seen from the high shack.

Things are settling down, now, and the island has grown smooth coral road systems and cities of Quonset huts. But the tower looks the same, and the same Marines who first directed flight operations from it still climb up to the shack for their respective shifts.

Okinawa Relations

The flood of civilians pouring through Marine lines in the Oro Bay area on Okinawa got to be so much of a headache that Colonel Alan Shapley of Detroit hit upon the idea of recruiting native help. So he picked a likely Okinawan and set him up as "mayor" of the district for purposes of more efficient liaison.

This erstwhile civilian of the Japanese empire was widely traveled, well educated and spoke passable English. But instead of getting better, things got worse. For, in spite of the mayor's most learned attempts at conversation, Marine patrols kept hauling him in for questioning.

It was beginning to get tiresome when Col. Shapley took a hand again and issued the mayor a pass explaining that official's delicate but important position. This seems to have fixed things. The mayor quite recently spoke in pleased accents to the Colonel.

"Your government and my government are getting along fine nowadays," he said, speaking with all the authority vested in him by the colonel.

Snake Stomp

PFC Theodore Smith of **Seattle, Wash.**, had not been blessed recently with any strong drink so when he saw a snake on Bougainville he acted promptly. But let him tell it:

"Two other Marines and I were taking cover in a small dugout in an effort to escape some heavy Jap mortar fire when we sensed we were not alone. Looking around we saw a three-foot snake hardly more than a yard away, hissing and spitting at us.

"We got out of there, but I soon went back after that snake. I killed it with my entrenching tool as my comrades yelled advice to me."

The tale of his harrowing experience spread through the area. The visions of gargantuan reptiles crowded out fear of the jungle and its Japs in many a Marine's imagination.

That night a Leatherneck, with a highly developed sense of self-preservation, slid into his foxhole and became entangled with some insulated telephone wire. Smith's snake popped into his head, and he took off, stumbling and rolling and kicking in the clutches of the telephone wire until his yells brought rescuers on the double.

Yes, he was very embarrassed when they unravelled him.

END

"Don't worry, they're vegetarians — it says here"

Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released to the press from May 14, 1945, through June 15, 1945.

SAFE FROM POW

LOUISIANA
CARRINGTON, James W., Corp.

SAFE FROM MISSING

CONNECTICUT
TAYLOR, Walter Jr., 2nd Lt.

MINNESOTA
LYNCH, Joseph O., 2nd Lt.

OHIO
McCUNE, Thomas L., PFC

TEXAS
WHITELEY, John W., PFC

SAFE FROM DEAD

ILLINOIS
BAJOVICH, John R., Pvt.

PENNSYLVANIA
ADAMS, Steward D., PFC

DEAD FROM MISSING

ARIZONA
MEREDITH, John H., Corp.

CALIFORNIA
LeBARON, Eugene C., Pvt.

ILLINOIS
PARSONS, John R., 1st Lt.

MASSACHUSETTS
DECOURCY, John A., PFC

MICHIGAN
BROUGHTON, Kenneth W., PFC

MISSOURI
GILLISPIE, Kenneth D., PFC
SOULE, Harlan H. Pvt.

MONTANA
BUTLER, Gerald C., PFC

NEW YORK
MOYSES, Emanuel, 2nd Lt.

NORTH CAROLINA
BOYD, William F. Pvt.

OHIO
ANDERSON, Ervin R., Pvt.

PENNSYLVANIA
KNIGHT, Paul L. T., PFC
LOY, Guy Richard, SSgt.

DEAD

ALABAMA
BALTHROP, Samuel C., 1st Lt.
BRANNON, John W. Jr., PFC
CARLISLE, Max K., Pvt.
COSTARIDES, William P., Pvt.
CURTIS, Joseph Y., 1st Lt.
DAVIDSON, Sterling R., Pvt.
FOSTER, Jessie F., Pvt.
GREATHOUSE, Melvin, PFC
HARRIS, Alvin G., Pvt.
ISBELL, Joseph R., PFC
LEA, Hershel L., PFC
LUNDY, Hubert E., Pvt.
McDONALD, Windle L., PFC
MILLER, Terry L., PFC
PERKINS, James F., PFC
STOREY, James A. Jr., Pvt.
TURNER, Floyd L., Sgt.
VAUGHAN, Howard H., ACk
WEBB, Jodie E., Pvt.
WULLER, Thomas J., PFC

ARIZONA
ESCALANTE, Cipriano R., PFC
HALLMARK, Floyd V., Corp.
HAZLETT, Paul B., 1st Lt.
MONTIERTH, Dan I., Sgt.
MOORE, Cornelius S., Corp.
STODDARD, Edward, PFC
TAPIA, Albert G., PFC
WILLIS, Jasper, PFC

ARKANSAS
BEAN, Arvid H., Pvt.
BENSON, Banjiman V., Pvt.
ETHERIDGE, William J., Corp.
FOSTER, William A., Corp.
FOWLER, James P., Corp.
GULLEDGE, James A., PFC
LACEY, John R., Sgt.
MANN, William M., PFC
MARTIN, Erwin W., PFC
MATTHEWS, Percy W., PFC
MAURER, Lewis H., Corp.
RODGERS, William F., PFC
STRAIN, Herman F., Corp.
TINER, Leonard O., Sgt.
WARD, Otis A., Pvt.
WHEELER, Leonard E., Sgt.
WILSON, John M., 1st Lt.
WOLFE, Lonnie L., Pvt.

CALIFORNIA
ALLEN, Norman L., PFC
ANDERSEN, Howard L., Pvt.
ANDERSEN, Robert G., PFC
ANDERSON, Donald E., Pvt.
AUSTIN, Charles B., Pvt.
BLANKENSHIP, James H., Pvt.
BOLGER, Richard G., Corp.
BONNER, Bruce T., 2nd Lt.
BRANDON, Harrel D., Corp.
BRUSH, David W., PFC
BUBB, Raymond H., MTSgt.
BUTY, Louis F. Jr., PFC
CASSELL, Dale O. Jr., Pvt.
CERVANTES, Raymundo, Pvt.
CHRYSTAL, Donald W., PFC
CONANT, Roger William, Capt.
CONROY, Robert A., Pvt.
COOK, James C., Corp.
CUMMINGS, Joe A., PFC
DECK, Billy R., Corp.
DILLENBECK, Robert B., PlSgt.
DILLON, Harry S., FldM1c
DUNWIDDIE, Clinton M., Pvt.
ENGLERT, Kennith J., GySgt.
ERICKSON, Deane E., 2nd Lt.
EVANS, Harry L., 1st Lt.
FERNANDEZ, Cruz, Pvt.
FICK, Charles R., Pvt.
FISCHER, Magnus G., Pvt.
FOX, James Washburn, 1st Lt.
FRACKELTON, Harold P. Jr., Corp.
FREY, Clarence T., Corp.
GARCIA, Ilario, PFC
GARDNER, Brigham R., PFC
GONSALVES, Harold, PFC
GRANAMAN, Louis R., SSgt.
GREGORY, Jack M., Sgt.
HALL, James O., Corp.
HAMMONDS, William F., Pvt.
HANSEN, Richard A., Corp.
HARDESTY, Donald L., PFC
HARRINGTON, Paul S., PlSgt.
HARRIS, David L., PFC
HUGH, Earl H. Jr., Corp.
JONES, Allen V., PFC
JONES, Herman W., PFC
JUDD, Jack W., Pvt.
KILLINGSWORTH, Paul G., Pvt.
KOEPKE, Roy R. F., PFC
LONN, Richard D., Pvt.
LOPEZ, Alfonso M., PFC
LOPEZ, Ernest A., PFC
LOZANO, Benito, Pvt.
LUKER, Melvin O., PFC
McBURNEY, Robert A., PFC
McDONALD, James E. Jr., Pvt.
MACIAS, Richard, Pvt.
MacNICOLL, John A., PFC
MacTINNOCK, James F., PFC
MANGELS, Elmer H., PFC
MAPLE, Stanley W., PFC
MARSHALL, Marvin H., PFC
MATHIS, Jack R., Major
MILLER, Curtis G., Corp.
MOONEY, Ralph W., PFC
MOORE, Harold J., 1st Lt.
MURCZEK, Edward S., PFC
NGOHO, Vincent, PFC
PARSONS, Bruce M., Sgt.
PARALTA, Herbert, PFC
PHELPS, Morris M. Jr., PFC
POARCHE, Robert E., Sgt.
POST, Charlie L., PFC
QUINN, Jack T., PFC
RAYBORN, Robert E., PFC
RHINE, Clifford A., PFC
RICHARDS, Zera Victor, PFC
RIDDLE, Morris R., Corp.
RIES, Bernard A., Corp.
RIGGEN, Keith D., PFC
RODRIQUEZ, Constantino G., Pvt.
SCHARF, Wallace W., Sgt.
SMITH, Carl D., Sgt.
SMITH, Curtiss R., PFC
STROUD, H. C., PFC
SUFFRIDGE, Charles F., Sgt.
TALBOTT, Floyd E., PFC
TAYLOR, Earl L., PFC
THOMAS, James R., PFC
TISCORNIA, Edward R., Capt.
TREADWAY, James B., PFC
VAN ZEE, John D., PFC
VIALE, Raymond R., PFC
WELCH, Warren W., PFC
WEST, James T., Pvt.
WEST, Marshall C., PFC
WHEELER, Oliver C., Corp.
WHITE, Robert D., PFC
WHITFIELD, Weyman W., Corp.
WHITNEY, A. D. Charles, Pvt.
WILLSON, Del D., PFC
WILSON, Calvert T., Sgt.
WING, Kenneth G., FldM Corp.
WIRTH, Michael A., Pvt.
WOODS, Donald E., Pvt.
WUESTHOFF, Thomas F., Corp.
ZAHN, Harold G., Pvt.

COLORADO
ADAMS, George F., PFC
CANZONERI, Tony P., TSgt.
COATS, Glen J., Sgt.
COMPTON, William I. Jr., PFC
CONCI, Charles J., PFC
ELLEY, Frank O., Pvt.
GRIFFIN, Leonard M., PFC
HANSON, Grant E., PFC
HEDLUND, Robert C., 1st Lt.
JAY, Maurice W., Corp.
LAWSON, Edward A. Jr., Corp.
MARTINEZ, Balvino S., PFC
SALISBURY, Bonito, Corp.
SCHAEFER, Christian L. Jr., Corp.
SHOOTMAN, Charles R., Pvt.
WOOD, Harold W., PFC
WOODS, Paul H., Pvt.

CONNECTICUT
AMARONE, Benny R., Pvt.
BARELLA, Richard, PFC
ELSON, Albert G., TSgt.
ESTABROOK, Irving W. Jr., PFC
EVLETH, Ernest D., Pvt.
FISCO, Frank, PFC
HALAS, Ludwig A., PFC
JOHNSON, Edward J., Pvt.
KAERCHER, Carl Jr., Pvt.
LORD, George E., Corp.
MATAVA, Edward R., PFC
MILKOWSKI, Henry, PFC
NOWIE, Joseph J., PFC
RICHICK, Steve, PFC
SULESKI, Henry, PFC
TINKER, Marvin D., Pvt.
VONEGIDY, Richard H., PFC
YNCERA, James, Sgt.
YOUNG, Thomas A., Sgt.

DELAWARE
CASSON, Arthur L., PFC
COURTNEY, Julian A., PFC
JACKSON, Roland P., PFC
PATTERSON, Ralph O., Pvt.
YOUNG, Charles E. Jr., PFC

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
BETZALA, John, PlSgt.
FRIEDLAND, Norman, Pvt.
GROSZ, Emil P. Jr., PFC
KRUG, William A. Jr., PFC
NORFORD, Archie B., Capt.
STASULLI, John M., 2nd Lt.

FLORIDA
BOXX, Ottis O., Corp.
CATO, Frederick E., Sgt.
DOERR, David D., GySgt.
DREGGORS, David C., Pvt.
HOWARD, Guy C., Pvt.
JACOBS, Rexford R., Pvt.
JENDRYKA, Alfred S., PFC
McEWAN, William J., ACk
MARCOM, Coy B. Jr., 1st Lt.
NOECKER, Samuel M., Corp.
NORTH, William S., PFC
PADGETT, Coy L., Pvt.
SAXMAN, William D., Corp.
SEARS, Paul M., Pvt.
THOMAS, Ernest I. Jr., Sgt.
UNDERWOOD, Thomas E., Corp.
WAGNER, Max H., Sgt.

GEORGIA
ASHLEY, John Willie, Pvt.
BROOKSHIRE, William A., PFC
BROWN, Thomas E., Corp.
BURKHALTER, B. M., Corp.
CLARK, Emory H., Corp.
CLARK, Wiley E., SSgt.
COLE, Jack L., PFC
COOKSEY, Fred D. Jr., Corp.
DAWKINS, Edwin G., PFC
ELLERD, William V., PFC
FORRISTER, James C. Jr., PFC
GILES, Roy H. Sr., PFC
GIRTMAN, Warren L., Pvt.
HALE, Dallas C., PFC
HALL, Arylen R., PFC
HARMON, Joseph R., Pvt.
JOHNSON, Henry L., 1st Lt.
KENDRICK, Donald L., PFC
KING, Rufus D. Jr., PFC
LEDFORD, Bowers L., PFC
MADDOX, Edwin D., Pvt.
MALCOLM, John R., PFC
MARTIN, Edwin N., PFC
MILLS, Aldine D., Sgt.
NEWMAN, James R., Sgt.
PENNINGTON, Ivey L., PFC
PETERS, Glen R., Pvt.
STRICKLAND, Charlie L., Pvt.
TERREAU, Edward M., Pvt.
WALKER, Otis T., Sgt.
WASHINGTON, John E., Pvt.
WELCH, William A., PFC
WILSON, George W. Jr., PFC

IDAHO
BARNES, Fred E., Pvt.
CAMPBELL, James M., PFC
CLARK, Asael C., PFC
CLARK, Timothy C., 2nd Lt.
DAVIS, Darrel R., Corp.
DEEDER, John H., Pvt.
GRIBBLE, Jesse W., Pvt.
MATTMILLER, Willys K., Pvt.
OAKEY, Lorin R., Pvt.
ROCHE, Patrick J., PFC
STONEMAN, Orville L., PFC
SUMMERS, George I., Sgt.
THOMPSON, Don H., Pvt.

ILLINOIS
ALDRICH, Norman E., Pvt.
ALLEN, Arthur M. Jr., Pvt.
BACHELOR, Charles B., PFC
BALLARD, Louis L., PFC
BEHAN, Charles E., 1st Lt.
BETLEY, Chester J., Pvt.
BOWMAN, David C., Corp.
BRANHAM, Paul N., Pvt.
BRIGHT, Richard L., Pvt.
BRUNSON, Harold G., Pvt.
BURCHFIELD, Charles W. Jr., Pvt.
BURROWS, Lynn G.,Corp.
CARTER, Edwin D., PFC
CHAMPLAIN, Earl, PFC
CHERENOVICH, Jack L., PFC
CLEMENTS, Richard O., PFC
CLYNE, John J., Sgt.
DANKO, John M., PFC
DECKER, Warren D., PFC
DEFFENBAUGH, Herschel F., Sgt.
DICKINSON, Robert W., Sgt.
DODD, Stanley E., Pvt.
DREISEWERD, Albert H., PFC
DUFAULT, Donald H., PFC
DUSENBERRY, Walter G., Sgt.
DZIMIDAS, Donald R., PFC
FAVIA, Vito P., Sgt.
FERRANTE, Anthony J., PFC
FRIESS, Larry G., 2nd Lt.
FULLER, William D., Pvt.
FUNK, Herbert G., PFC
GABRIEL, Willard F., PFC
GARRITY, James, Pvt.
GAZDA, Joseph J., PFC
GRAAN, George E., PFC
GREEN, James Henry, 2nd Lt.
GRIFFITH, Wendell H. Jr., Pvt.
GRONEMAN, Laverne H., PFC
GROSS, Raymond W., Pvt.
GROVES, Edward C., 2nd Lt.
HANNY, Fred L., PFC
HEMMER, Warren H., MTSgt.
HOFER, Edward, Pvt.
IDOUX, Paul L., PFC
IVERSON, Edwin L., 2nd Lt.
JOHNSON, Perry D., MTSgt.
JOHNSON, Ralph R., PFC
JOHNSON, Robert E., Pvt.
JOHNSON, Robert R., PFC

TURN PAGE

Bogey Broadcast

"FIVE bogies are approaching this area from the southeast. They are 10 miles away. Our planes have gone up to intercept.

"A dog fight is in progress. One bogey has been splashed. But a couple have broken through and are headed our way. They'll be over our heads in two minutes. All hands leave exposed areas and take cover."

The "play-by-play" broadcasts of air raids, inaugurated by the assault air warning team of the III 'Phib Corps on Okinawa, has created something of a sensation. It is considered to be a definite advancement in inducing precaution from men.

Most guys are apt to be somewhat careless after going through a number of air raid alerts. They begin to figure "Aw, why duck for cover, the bogies probably won't come over our particular area."

But with the "play-by-play" broadcast the Marines know exactly what is going on. And when they're advised to take cover they generally do, and with alacrity.

In a way, it is almost like listening to your favorite sporting event over the air. The stakes are even higher.

Sometimes the voice over the air — which is apt to be that of Lieutenant J. H. Washington, Lieutenant C. H. Booth or Technical Sergeant Joe Loewenstein — gets its sporting blood up, too. In the excitement it is apt to say something like this: "Our planes have intercepted 10 bogies five miles to the northwest from here. Two bogies have been splashed, that's two down and eight to go."

On occasions like these, the audience is apt to cheer the unseen but highly-appreciated victory.

Sometimes the announcer has to juggle several impending air raids at once, which is a bit like Ted Husing trying to give an account of a number of boxing matches going on simultaneously in the same arena.

Then the broadcast goes something like this: "Raid No. 1 now at 20 miles, closing. Two new raids have appeared, one in the north 30 miles away, one in the south 25 miles away. They will be designated as air raids No. 6 and 7, respectively. Raid No. 5 has been turned back by our fighters. Raid No. 3 is under fire by a destroyer 10 miles out to sea. A plane dived for it, scraped the bow in crashing, but the ship is still fighting. Raid No. 2 is closing and only seven miles away."

Sometimes the announcer is apt to become somewhat poetic. He may say: "The bogey five miles from us faded into geography." Or: "The bogies have been tallyhoed by our fighters."

There are some Marines who display a careless temperament even under this set-up. Then the announcer's voice will become stern:

"There's a raid almost upon us. Now you guys playing baseball on the cliff — get the hell off and make a homerun for the nearest foxhole."

SGT. HAROLD HELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

CASUALTIES (cont.)

JORDAN, Robert F., 2nd Lt.
KANIA, John J., PlSgt.
KAWELL, Robert R., PFC
KICKLER, Robert H., PFC
KLONOWSKI, Bernard L., PFC
KORETZ, James E., 1st Lt.
KOZLOWSKI, Charles J. Jr., PFC
KUCHMUK, Laddie F., PFC
LAKIN, Robert M., Pvt.
LARSON, Leonard M., Pvt.
LATHAM, James K., 1st Lt.
LUND, Frank M. Jr., 2nd Lt.
MADLER, Raymond A., Pvt.
MAGNUSON, Carl R., PFC
MILLER, Carl R., 2nd Lt.
MILLSAP, Stewart A. Jr., Corp.
MUNROE, James D., Pvt.
NADLER, Raymond A., Pvt.
OMENS, Robert L., Pvt.
PADGETT, Ray H., PFC
PENDELL, Albert Jr., PFC
PETHICK, Robert A., PFC
PRIORELLO, Nick, Pvt.
PUDLO, Henry J., PFC
RAMPENTHAL, Adolph F., PFC
RAWLAK, Frank R., Pvt.
RIGGINS, Keith D., Pvt.
RIKK, Julius L. Jr., Corp.
RINAS, Gustav L. W., Pvt.
ROTH, John A., Pvt.
RUFF, Edward W., Pvt.
RYGIEWICZ, Alfred J., PFC
SADLO, Joseph E., Pvt.
SALINE, Robert E., Pvt.
SAMPSON, John R., PFC
SANTORINEOS, Nicholas J., PFC
SCATCHELL, Joseph J., PFC
SCHMITT, John T., PFC
SCHUMACHER, Gilbert W., Pvt.
SEBERS, Lester G., Pvt.
SMITH, Harvey V., PFC
SOLOMI, Frank A., Pvt.
SULLIVAN, John L., PFC
SWAN, Lloyd, PlSgt.
TAYLOR, Roger W., Pvt.
TERRY, Donald E., Pvt.
THOMAS, George W., PFC
THOMPSON, James W., PFC
TISBURY, William A., PFC
TOFT, Carl N., Sgt.
VANCHINA, Adam J., Corp.
WALSH, George E., Sgt.
WEBB, James M. Jr., Pvt.
WHITE, Raymond E. C., Sgt.
WOOD, John V., PFC
YAGODICH, Adolph E., PFC
ZAHRADKA, Leroy, Pvt.

INDIANA

BRAXTON, Harold M. Jr., Pvt.
BROWN, James E., PFC
BURKE, Robert A., Pvt.
BUSH, James Jr., Corp.
BUSH, Robert E., PFC
CARRICO, Carl Jr., PFC
CONN, John M., Pvt.
CORNELL, Donald G., PFC
CROSS, Joseph J., Pvt.
DANIELSON, Dale R., PFC
DORN, Casimer, PFC
DUNIGAN, James D., Pvt.
DURHAM, Clarence E., Pvt.
ELEY, Harry E., Pvt.
FEE, Franklin D., Pvt.
GRIMM, Frederick L., PFC
HALL, Raber L., PFC
KELLER, Lyle V., Pvt.
KLODZINSKI, Casimer M., Sgt.
KLUEH, Coy Lee, PFC
KNOLL, Gerald L., Pvt.
KOPP, Warren C., PFC
McELHENY, Robert D., Sgt.
MANNING, Glenn G., PFC
MARKER, William S., PFC
MEYER, Donald H., PFC
MILLS, Max M., Pvt.
MURPHY, George E., 1st Lt.
MURPHY, John G., Pvt.
PARENT, James A., PFC
PARKS, William T., Corp.
PEARISON, Duane L., PFC
PENWELL, George E., Corp.
PIECHOROWSKI, Peter J. Jr., PFC
RITTERSKAMP, Robert B., PFC
RYAN, William F., PFC
SMITH, Fletcher W. Jr., Corp.
SUMMERS, Frank J., PFC
TAYLOR, Clifton E., PlSgt.
TAYLOR, Owen E., Pvt.
WHITEHEAD, Hugh, Pvt.
YOUNG, Gerald H., Pvt.

IOWA

AMOS, Joseph B., Corp.
ANDERSON, Charles L. Jr., Corp.
BACHTELL, James D., Corp.
BIRMINGHAM, George G., PFC
BLANKENFELD, Harry E., PFC
CATIZONE, Charles C., Sgt.
CHAMNEY, Floyd R., PFC
COX, Lewis S., PFC
DICKS, Russell E., PFC
DICKSON, Keith R., Pvt.
ELGIN, George L., Pvt.
GORMLEY, Addison N., Pvt.
GROOTE, Edwin H., PFC
KAPLE, Ray B., Pvt.
KEEGAN, John F., Corp.
LOWE, Kenneth J., Sgt.
McDOWELL, Robert L., Corp.
MATHIEU, Edward E., PFC
MERCER, George B., PFC
OLSON, Kenneth L., ACk
PERSHING, Donald G., PFC
PROPST, John L. Jr., 2nd Lt.
QUIRK, William, 2nd Lt.
RUSSELL, Robert A., Pvt.
RUSSELL, William J., PFC
SCHRODER, Robert K., Pvt.
SCHWERDTFEGER, Glenn E., PFC
SOAR, Ernest M., Pvt.
THOMPSON, Bill E., PFC
WHIPP, Lloyd L., PFC
YEADON, Samuel R., Corp.

KANSAS

ALLEN, Woodrow G., Pvt.
BELLAMY, Robert G., 2nd Lt.
BOGGESS, Russell A., Corp.
BOLEN, Harry E., PFC
BURNS, Millard E., PFC
CALDWELL, Walter H. Jr., PFC
CHURCH, Thomas V., Corp.
DANIELS, John H., PFC
DEVORE, Rex L., PFC
GROSS, Robert J., Corp.
HAMACHER, Albert C., PFC
HANCOCK, Samuel B. Jr., Sgt.
LANGE, Homer F., PFC
LUMLEY, Sherl L., Pvt.
McCLINTOCK, Wayne A., PFC
MARNEY, Howard D., Corp.
NOLLER, Fred W., PFC
PEARSON, Richard W., Pvt.
PITTS, Charles E., Pvt.
POTTER, Freddie R., PFC
RIONDY, Frank C., Pvt.
ROE, Richard, Corp.
SCHENCK, Elroy A., PFC
SHAREK, George R., Pvt.
SUTTLE, Dale E. Jr., Corp.
THOMAS, Lavern E., Corp.

KENTUCKY

BRYAN, Charles L., PFC
CARTER, Cecil A., PFC
CLARK, Howard A., Corp.
COLLINS, Charles D., Sgt.
DURBIN, Chester A. Jr., PFC
FISHER, John H., Sgt.
GROVES, Fred T., Pvt.
HORN, William J. Jr., PFC
JEFFERS, Ralph C., Pvt.
McCORMICK, Rudolph R., PFC
OAK, Tell, PFC
PATRIE, Edmond D., Corp.
PENNINGTON, Leonard H., PFC
PERRONE, Victor J., PFC
SMITH, William C., Pvt.
TACKETT, Robert H., Corp.
THOMAS, Robert E., Pvt.
THOMPSON, Ernest, PFC
TRESENRITER, Samuel Jr., PFC
VILLINES, Harold R., Corp.

LOUISIANA

ADAMS, Milton E., Pvt.
ARABIE, Rudolph J., Pvt.
BELANGER, Sherell J., PFC
BERNARD, Cullan B., PFC
CASON, Charles W., PFC
COON, Benjamin B., Pvt.
CORTEZ, Frederic, Sgt.
DITTMANN, George B., PFC
FALCON, Lawless C., 2nd Lt.
FITCH, Verdin W., PFC
FONTENOT, Clarence, PFC
GIROIR, Elgin M., Corp.
GREEN, Norvin, Corp.
GUIDRY, Elward J., PFC
KLEMM, Salvador F., Corp.
LABIT, Edmond J., PFC
LACOBEE, Francois H., PFC
LUCKETT, Hurchel G., Corp.
MALOUSE, Merlin J., Pvt.
MILLER, Wilson J., Corp.
WEEKS, Charles P. Jr., Corp.

MAINE

ALLEN, James F., Sgt.
BUDWAY, John N., PFC
CAREY, Dennis J., PFC
CHIASSON, Armand G., Corp.
FOURNIER, Rene J., Sgt.
GOODWIN, Benjamin S., MTSgt.
MARTIN, Joseph L. Jr., Pvt.
MERCIER, Raymond E., PFC
NAVISKY, Peter P., PFC
PATTEN, Millard H. Jr., 1st Lt.
ROY, Joseph N., PFC
TRAFTON, Louis W., Sgt.
TURNER, Robert A., PFC
WOOD, William M., PFC

MARYLAND

ADALMAN, Melvin, Pvt.
BACK, Aloysius J., FldCK
BURTON, Charles F., PFC
CLAUSSER, Carl A., Pvt.
CRIM, Glenn A. Jr., Corp.
DONALDSON, Vardell, Pvt.
DUGAN, John H., Corp.
DUNCAN, Willard R., Pvt.
GIORDANO, Samuel J., Corp.
JEETER, Samuel J., Corp.
KEYSER, William M., Pvt.
KLINE, William J., PFC
NUGENT, John A., Pvt.
PALMER, Forrest, PFC
PERRY, Arnold E., PFC
SCHROLL, George P., PFC
SUDDUETH, Fred W. Sr., PFC
TERRELL, Stanley, Corp.
WEBSTER, Charles M. Jr., Pvt.
ZIRKLE, Aiden A., Pvt.

MASSACHUSETTS

ALEXANDER, Wilford S. Jr., 1st Lt.
BEGIN, Robert M., PFC
BENTO, Daniel J., GySgt.
BENTON, Charles F., PFC
BIRD, Joseph H., PFC
BRADY, Edward R., PFC
CADDY, William Robert, PFC
CAMPOFREDANO, Romeo, Corp.
CENTOFANTI, Attilio A., Sgt.
CHOJNOWSKI, Alexander J., Corp.
COLIZZI, Frank R., Corp.
CORCORAN, Charles G., Pvt.
COTTER, Robert E., PFC
CRANE, Duncan M., 2nd Lt.
CUFF, William J., Corp.
DANTON, Augustus F., Pvt.
DAVIS, John Q., Sgt.
DAY, Gerald A., Corp.
DEE, Richard P., Pvt.
DOBROWSKY, Edmund R., Pvt.
DOWNEY, James B., Corp.
DZIEGIE..., Edmond J., PFC
ENOS, ...muel P. Jr., PFC
FOODY, James M., 2nd Lt.
FULLICK, George W. Jr., Corp.
GENCZY, Chester, Corp.
GRESKA, Frank M., PFC
HANDY, Arthur J., Pvt.
JONIEC, Roland J., Corp.
KEE, Robert J., PFC
KELLEY, Daniel A., Pvt.
KELLEY, William E., Corp.
KIRBY, James J. Jr., Corp.
KOCHANEK, Joseph A., PFC
KOPESKI, Joseph J., PFC
LIBERATORE, Guido R., Corp.
LUCIDO, Anthony F., Pvt.
McALLISTER, Carlton D., Corp.
McCARTHY, Owen N., Corp.
McCOLLUM, Harry E. Jr., PFC
MacKINNON, Steward W., Pvt.
MALLOY, John F. Jr., Pvt.
MANCHESTER, Howard T., PFC
MARKEWICZ, Edmund F., Corp.
MITCHELL, Lloyd J., Corp.
O'CONNELL, Michael J., PFC
REHOR, Ernest I., PFC
REYNOLDS, Charles E. Jr., Corp.
ROCHA, Felisberto G. Jr., PFC
RUTH, Sherman B., 1st Lt.
SANO, Anthony, Sgt.
TAURONE, Frank A., PFC
THAYER, David B., Capt.
TRUDEAU, Racine G., PFC
WINGATE, Joseph L. Jr., PFC

MICHIGAN

ALLEN, Russell R., PFC
ANDERSON, Herbert C. Jr., PFC
ANTHONY, Anthony A., Pvt.
BACKALUKAS, George J., Corp.
BISCHOFF, Henry F., Pvt.
BLACH, Edmond, PFC
BROWN, Jack M., Pvt.
BRYANT, Guy A., Corp.
BURCH, Rex E., Pvt.
CECCARANI, Thomas, PFC
CENCICH, Nick F., PFC
CHIOLINO, Richard C., Pvt.
CHIVIS, Albert L., SSgt.
COJEREAN, Michael Jr., Pvt.
COLE, Darrell S., Sgt.
COOK, Paul R., Sgt.
CRAIG, John P., PFC
CROMWELL, Clarence E., PFC
CUNNINGHAM, John C., Corp.
DAVIS, Arthur Hoste, PFC
ELLIS, William G., Corp.
FELLOWS, Albert M., PFC
FENTON, William H., Pvt.
FOX, Don, PFC
GANTZ, Alfred V., Pvt.
GAYNOR, Robert E., Pvt.
GROGG, James B. Jr., Corp.
HADDIX, William H., Pvt.
HEMME, Irven R., Pvt.
IACOBONI, Dante R., PFC
JEFFREY, Robert A., PFC
KENDALL, David C., PFC
KEPHART, John A., PFC
KISTE, Paul A., Corp.
KOBOS, Stanley J., Corp.
KOVATCH, Peter, Pvt.
LAIR, Jack D., PFC
LANGSTON, William W., Pvt.
McDERMOTT, Willard F., PFC
McGEE, Donald A., Corp.
McGRATH, George F., Pvt.
MANCHESTER, Howard T., PFC
NATZKE, Marvin E., Pvt.
OULLETTE, William K., 1st Lt.
PERKEY, Maurice, PFC
REED, Melvin Jr., TSgt.
ROBERTSON, James G., PFC
ROONEY, William J., Pvt.
RUSLING, Victor K., 1st Lt.
RUTKOWSKI, John T., ACk
SCHIEMAN, Russell B., Pvt.
STRAW, Gerald R., Corp.
TARANSKI, Walter H., PFC
TILCH, Albert R., PFC
VAN DYKE, William H., PlSgt.
VEITH, Robert R., PFC
VELIK, John Jr., Pvt.
WARES, John, Corp.
WYATT, Donald E., PFC
ZIMMERMAN, Ray M., PFC

MINNESOTA

ANDERSEN, Raymond P., Pvt.
BADE, Clarence E., PFC
BAHE, Jay M., Pvt.
BERGESON, Donald, Pvt.
BLEDSOE, Harrison C., PFC
CARROLL, James, PFC
CHATTERTON, Frederick W., Pvt.
CLEMENTSON, Donald O., PFC
CLOW, Charles C. Jr., Corp.
CRAIG, John E., PFC
DAGGETT, Willis K., PFC
DAHL, Robert C. Jr., Pvt.
DEERING, Martin, Pvt.
DeRIDDER, Charles F., PFC
FIEGER, Franklin R., PFC
FORSMAN, Ellwood R., PFC
FRANCE, Richard E., PFC
FRISCHKORN, Lilburn C., PFC
GEIDLE, Richard E., PFC
GUNNARSON, John D., FldM1c
GUSTAFSON, Glendon P., Pvt.
HANSON, Carl H., Pvt.
KASTAN, Robert J., Pvt.
KERR, Robert S., 1st Sgt.
LUNDBERG, Leo B., Pvt.
MADSEN, Howard, PFC
MARTHALER, Joseph G., Pvt.
MASON, Quintin, 2nd Lt.
MEYER, James W., Sgt.
NELSON, Donald E., Pvt.
OGLE, George E., PFC
OKESON, Eugene C., PFC
OLSON, Kenneth B., PFC
PARKER, John W., PFC
PETERS, Howard C., Pvt.
PETERSON, Milton, Corp.
ROBERTS, Guy R., Pvt.
ROETTGER, Raymond R. Jr., PFC
SCHAFER, Donald C., Corp.
SCHMIDGALL, Bennie E., PFC
SEVERSON, Robert E., 1st Lt.
STRUDWICK, William E. Jr., PFC
TSCHIDA, Felix M., Pvt.
VON MEHREN, George A., Corp.
ZELLER, Gayle R., PFC

MISSISSIPPI

CROCKETT, Milton M., PFC
FLOWERS, Shelby A. Jr., PFC
JORDAN, Grady E., PFC
KEEN, Henry L., PFC
KIMBLE, Jack H., 1st Lt.
LAMAR, Thomas F. Jr., PFC
LAMPLEY, Edgar L. Jr., GySgt.
LONG, George W., Pvt.
POOLE, Troy R., Pvt.
REED, William T., PFC
SADLER, Holloman, Sgt.
SHOEMAKE, Robert A., Pvt.
WATTS, James V., Pvt.

MISSOURI

BALLEW, D. B., Pvt.
BERGERON, Theodore A., Pvt.
BLACK, Earl W., Pvt.
BUEKER, Melvin M., SSgt.
BUFFINGTON, James, Pvt.
CALDWELL, Kenneth C., PFC
CONANT, Judson B., Corp.
CONNER, Eugene T., PFC
CREPPS, Paul E., Pvt.
CURD, William P. Jr., SSgt.
DAVIDSON, Philip A., Corp.
DECK, Billy R., Corp.
DUNN, John F., Pvt.
DUNN, Judson L., Pvt.
EASTON, James F. Jr., Corp.
GILL, Edward H. Sr., PFC
GILLESPIE, Richard K., Pvt.
GILMORE, Raymond L., Pvt.
GREEN, Howard E., Pvt.
HARRISON, Robert L., PFC
HUSTON, Clyde L., Pvt.
JENNINGS, Arnold J., Pvt.
JONES, Ralph L., Sgt.
KAUFMAN, Alfred W., PFC
KLUSMEIER, Harrison P., 1st Lt.
LARGE, John T. Jr., Pvt.
LARRIGAN, Jack, PFC
PETERS, Kenneth T., PFC
RENFRO, Sorren G., PFC
REYNOLDS, Leonard A., Pvt.
ROQUES, William E., Capt.
SALA, Harry W., PlSgt.
SCOTT, Raymond C., PFC
VANSANDT, Lawrence D., Corp.
VAN VLECK, Edward F., Pvt.
WINKLER, William, Corp.
WYLY, John J. H., Sgt.

MONTANA

ANGELOUS, John L., Corp.
CHARLO, Louis C., PFC
COLEMAN, Horton H., PFC
COOMBS, Charles D., PFC
JONES, Lyle O., PFC
JORDAN, George, Pvt.
MAXWELL, Charles R., PFC
NELSON, Wendell L., Corp.
NEWGARD, Thomas A., Corp.
SAXBURY, John A. Jr., PFC
TENNEY, Raymond D., PFC

NEBRASKA

ALLEY, Rollin L., Pvt.
BLAIR, Dale V., Corp.
BRUHN, Harold J., PFC
BURKHALTER, Elmer R., Sgt.
GROVE, Norman A., PFC
JARNAGIN, Earl D., PFC
McCORMICK, Jack D., PFC
McCUNE, Emmett E., Pvt.
OBERMILLER, Roy L., Corp.
PAGE, Carl B., Sgt.
SCIGO, Louis D., PFC
STOUT, John H., Pvt.
THOMPSON, Carl D., PFC
TOLLES, Glenn L., PFC
VANOUS, John E., PFC
WHISENHUNT, R. W. Jr., PFC

NEVADA

SALAZ, Gasper J., PFC

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CANNON, Raymond E., PFC
CHASE, Harland F., Pvt.
CUNNINGHAM, William F., Sgt.
ELLIS, Harold J., ACk
LAMARCHE, Albert E., PFC
LEVESQUE, Walter T., Pvt.
MARQUIS, Clarence D., FldM1c
RANFOS, Anthony J., PFC

NEW JERSEY

ANTHONY, Edgar O., PFC
BINDON, Malcolm C., PFC
BOTTALICO, J. J. Jr., 1st Lt.
BRUNDAGE, Robert P., 2nd Lt.
CERIONE, Joseph J. Jr., PFC
CHRISTIAN, Thomas G., Corp.
CLAREY, Jerome M., Corp.
COTTMAN, William C., Corp.
DEMPSEY, John D., 2nd Lt.
DILL, Joseph Jr., PFC
DONNELLY, James J. Jr., PFC
FIELDS, Vincent E., Pvt.
GIUDICE, Emanuel N., Corp.
HEIGHT, Leon H. Jr., 1st Lt.
JORDAN, Warren C., Corp.
JUHASZ, Steve P., Pvt.
KEANE, Louis A., PFC
KELLER, George H., PFC
KULIGOWSKI, Frank A., SSgt.
MAGGIO, Mario J., PFC
MAIORAN, Pat A. Jr., Pvt.
MATTEIS, Alfonso C., SSgt.
MATTHEWS, Stacy D., Corp.
MIELE, Joseph V., Pvt.
MULLEN, Clarence L. Jr., Corp.
PARSELLS, Charles H., GySgt.
PETILLO, Joseph J., PFC
PETRY, Irving V., Corp.
POLIN, Marvin H., Capt.
REISS, Joseph A., PFC
RICHARDS, Lester H., Pvt.
RITTERSBACHER, G. W. Jr., PFC
ROSPOP, Charles, PFC
SCUITSHAS, John J., PFC
SEIP, George F. Sr., PFC
SMITH, Harold, PFC
STORMS, William A., Sgt.
TASKER, Albert J., PFC
TROY, Charles A., PFC
UYCHICH, Stephen J., Pvt.
VITANYI, John J., PFC
WHITBRAY, Thomas J., PFC
ZUEGEL, William R., Corp.

NEW MEXICO

GRIGGS, Gene M., Pvt.
HILL, Clyde H., 1st Lt.
HILL, Reece R., Pvt.

NEW YORK

AHEARN, Eugene A., Pvt.
ALLEN, Robert W., 2nd Lt.
AMATO, Harry N., Corp.
ARNOLD, Charles J. Jr., PFC
ARROWSMITH, Frederick J., Corp.
BABICH, John B., PFC
BENDER, Warren A., PFC
BENINATI, Anthony A., PFC
BIRNBAUM, Seymour, Corp.
BISH, Peter J., Corp.
BLACK, Thomas M., Pvt.
BONADIES, Louis J., PlSgt.
BUCKLEY, Joseph V. Sr., Pvt.
BUDZINSKI, Henry, PFC
BUYTKUS, Charles A., MTSgt.
CAHILL, William J., Pvt.
CARNEY, John C., Pvt.
CARTOLANO, Robert, PFC
CASE, James L., Corp.
CHICKON, Stanley J., Corp.
CLARK, Stanley F., Pvt.
CLEMENTI, Joseph A., SSgt.
COLEMAN, Edward J., PFC
COLLINS, Leslie I., Pvt.
CORDARY, Leo B., Pvt.
CREIGHTON, William, Pvt.
CUMMINGS, John J., PFC
CZAJA, Stanley E., Corp.
DEGLIEQUI, Frank, Corp.
DEHNCKE, Herbert E., Pvt.
DENNENY, Franklin J., Corp.
DeQUAR, Frank J. Sr., PFC
DESTEFANO, Samuel A., Pvt.
DOMBROWSKI, Edward J., Corp.
DOOLEY, Francis S., ACk
DUNNING, Charles W., 2nd Lt.
DURYEA, Charles E., Pvt.
DYNARSKI, Daniel, Corp.
ECKERT, John A. III, 2nd Lt.
EVANGELIST, N. C., 2nd Lt.
EVANISKI, Stanley E., Corp.
EVANS, Leonard B., PFC
FALCONE, Joseph F., Corp.
FEINTUCH, Seymour, PFC
FELDMEIER, Edward B., Corp.
FOSTER, Kenneth J., 2nd Lt.
FOURNIER, Edward J., PFC
FOX, Harry W., Corp.
GIBSON, Joseph P., Pvt.
GLEASON, Vincent R., PFC
GROSE, Nelson D., Corp.
GRYGOREWICZ, Walter P., Corp.
GUMLEY, John W., Corp.
GUNSHANAN, James B., Corp.
GYLES, Stephen J., PFC
HARNISCH, Harry H., PFC
JEROZAL, Henry J., Corp.
JORDAN, Harold, Pvt.
JORDAN, Joseph M., PFC
JUREK, Alfred J., Pvt.
KOSMIDER, Joseph, PFC
KOSTIK, Stephen, Corp.
LAFICO, Dominick R., Corp.
LAHR, Stanley F., PFC
LAMPHERE, Norman F., Pvt.
LAROCCA, James, PFC
LAZAROFF, Martin, PFC
LEANZA, Thomas, Pvt.
LEBLANC, Joseph W. G., PFC
LOVETT, Joseph Q., PFC
LUNDGREN, James H., Pvt.
LYNCH, Edmund T., Pvt.
McAULIFFE, John T., Corp.
McFALL, Harry F. Jr., Sgt.
MAIORANA, Hugo A., 2nd Lt.
MALTHANER, James E., Pvt.
MANAGO, Anthony V., PFC
MANGUAL, Pedro H., PFC
MARINO, Nicholas J., PFC
MATERA, Charles D., PFC
MERRILEES, William D., Corp.
MONTAGUE, Ronald C., Corp.
MULLIGAN, James D., Sgt.
NEWMANN, Joseph J., Corp.
NOWAK, Stephen P., Sgt.
OEFFLER, John S., PFC
OFFENBACKER, Albert P., Sgt.
O'LEARY, Robert, Corp.
OLSEN, Arthur H., PFC
OMALLEY, William P., Corp.
ORGAN, Patrick T., PFC
PALMER, John P. Jr., PFC
PEPE, Thomas M., 2nd Lt.
PERRAULT, George E. Sr., Pvt.
PETRY, Edward C., Pvt.
PILOTTI, Charles, PFC
PODZEBA, Herman, PFC
PUGLIESE, Vincent A., Corp.
RHINOW, William J., Corp.
RIINA, Alfred F., PFC
RORICK, William G., PFC
ROSS, James E., PFC
ROY, Loyola M., Pvt.
RUBENSTEIN, Ernest, Pvt.
RUSCHER, Warren E., PFC
RUSS, Alfred W., Pvt.
SAN MIGUEL, Frank Sr., Pvt.
SAPERSTEIN, Samuel, 2nd Lt.
SCHMIDT, William L., Corp.
SCUDIERE, Vito S., PFC
SHULL, Samuel R., 2nd Lt.
SOLL, Aaron O., PFC
SUDRO, John F., 2nd Lt.
SUMMO, Daniel J., Sgt.
TAYLOR, John C., PFC
TOBIN, John P., Corp.
TOOMEY, William J., PFC
TORHAN, Andrew J., Pvt.
TRAUM, John A., Pvt.
UNCLE, Leroy G., Corp.
VINCENT, James K., PFC
VOLKERT, Wilfred O., Corp.
WEIGEL, William H., Corp.
WEINKAUF, Quentin G., PFC
WEST, Richard M., PFC
WHEELER, Richard J., PFC
WILLIS, Richard S., Corp.
WINEGAR, Richard A., Corp.
WOERNER, John J., Corp.
YOUNG, John C., PFC
ZIMMERMAN, George C., PFC

NORTH CAROLINA

ALLEN, Carter H., PFC
ATCHLEY, Charles D., Corp.
BAIRD, Rondall M., Pvt.
BEBBER, James H., Pvt.
BUFF, Hal V., Pvt.
CARTER, Lewis E., PFC
CATLETT, Thomas L., Pvt.
CROWELL, Grover B., Corp.
ELLER, Raymond V., Pvt.
ENNIS, Luther L. Jr., Pvt.
FORBES, John E., PFC
FREEMAN, Arthell, PFC
GILLIAM, William S., Pvt.
GODWIN, Julian R., Pvt.
JAMISON, Otis W., PFC
JEFFERSON, Harry E., PFC
JOHNSON, Floyd C., Pvt.

JOHNSON, Orus, Sgt.
LOTHERY, Hugh B., Corp.
LOWRANCE, Oswald G., PFC
MARTIN, Wayne, Pvt.
MURPHY, Charles A., Sgt.
MYERS, Thomas J., Major
PENNINGTON, Eddie H., Pvt.
POSTELL, Clarence V., Pvt.
RHINEHARDT, Zeb D., Pvt.
SCARBOROUGH, Harry K., PlSgt.
SWANSON, James W., Sgt.
TURNAGE, Johnnie J., Pvt.
WILLIAMSON, Carl R., PlSgt.
WILSON, Zack R., PFC

NORTH DAKOTA

BOLTZ, John E., PFC
BOYLE, Arland L., PFC
GORDON, Leon D., Pvt.
PETERSEN, Victor C., Corp.

OHIO

ARENDT, Robert J., Corp.
BACKUS, Ray E., PFC
BAKER, Willard F., Corp.
BARTCZAK, Leonard D., PFC
BERRY, Charles J., Corp.
BIAGI, Dario J., PFC
BIRT, Joseph V., PFC
CHAPMAN, Lemuel D., Pvt.
CLARK, Roy S., PFC
COMBS, James R., Pvt.
CONNORS, John D., Corp.
CORDY, Frank J., Pvt.
CORE, Edgar E., PFC
CRYSEL, John W., PFC
DANCIN, George J., ACk
DONEGAN, William B., PFC
DONNER, Donald D., Corp.
DRUMMOND, Duane W., Pvt.
DUENNE, Joseph L., Pvt.
EICHER, Archie E., PFC
EISERT, Leo C., PFC
EVANS, Harold E. Sr., PFC
FILKO, George G. Jr., Corp.
FINLAYSON, John A., PFC
FRITSCH, Ralph W., PFC
GARLITZ, Harvey M., Pvt.
GRAY, Jimmy E., Pvt.
GWIRTZ, Charles J., Sgt.
GYORY, Steve A. Jr., PFC
HAMAR, Roland F., Pvt.
HANNERS, Arthur T., PFC
HANSON, Omer J., 1st Lt.
JACKSON, Leonard J., Pvt.
JAWORSKI, Frank S., PFC
JOHNSON, Donald W., Pvt.
JOYCE, William E., PlSgt.
KING, Herbert L., Pvt.
KISH, Robert J., Corp.
KREITZER, Kenneth E., PFC
KROUSE, Harold C., Pvt.
KRUPA, Edward P., Pvt.
LOWE, Warren R., PFC
McGRATH, Robert W., PFC
MacLEAN, Douglas W., Pvt.
MARIOTTI, Paul E., PFC
MARSHALL, Nathan L., PFC
MARTT, William D., 1st Lt.
MASON, Walter R., Corp.
MEAHL, Arthur J., PFC
METCALF, Kenneth K., Corp.
MILCETICH, Frank A. Jr., Corp.
MILLER, Eugene N., PFC
MILLER, Roy S., Pvt.
MOORE, Clarence E., Pvt.
MOORE, Harris F., GySgt.
MURPHY, John A., Corp.
NEWLON, Wilmer P., PFC
NUNLEY, Charles, ACk
POWERS, Lucien F., Sgt.
REED, Wilbur, Pvt.
SCHIEBLY, Howard L., PFC
SCHOTT, Charles E., Pvt.
SHIELDS, Ralph L., Corp.
SOLLBERGER, Jack L., PFC.
STONE, John R., Corp.
STRICKLAND, Leo O., Pvt.
STURM, Richard C. Sr., PFC
SWARTZ, Richard B., Sgt.
TOOHEY, Willis N., PFC
TUCKE, James L., Pvt.
TULLIS, Warren E., Corp.
TURNMIRE, Lawrence H., Pvt.
VAN ATTA, Richard C., Corp.
VOYTECK, Martin J. Jr., PFC
WHETSEL, Lloyd W., PFC
WHITE, Bobby D., PFC
YAUMAN, Ernest L., PlSgt.

OKLAHOMA

BISHOP, Roy Jr., Corp.
CAGLE, Henry C., PFC
COLEMAN, James B., PFC
CONNELL, Charles H., Pvt.
ETHERTON, Austin W. Jr., Pvt.
FOSSETT, Harold E., Pvt.
HACKLER, Glen E., PFC
KNOLLENBERG, Raymond P., Sgt.
LANE, Gerald G., PFC
McDANIEL, Edwin J. Jr., Pvt.
MARTIN, Clarence A., Pvt.
MATTER, Harvey A., PFC
PICKARD, Winford A., Corp.
POWERS, Thomas M., Pvt.
REES, Ralph E., Pvt.
RUSSELL, Gayle C., Corp.
TATE, Johnnie E., Corp.
TERRY, Paul B. Jr., PFC
WEAVER, David, PFC
WOOD, Eritt Jr., Pvt.

OREGON

BAKER, Richard O., PlSgt.
BOYD, Oris R., PFC
BROWN, Harry M., PFC
BROWN, Kenneth D., PFC
CALHOUN, Sheldon L., PFC
CLINTON, Frank W., PFC
COGDILL, William D. Jr., PFC
EVANS, George J., Corp.
FENDER, Donald P., Corp.
FOUBERT, Rene S., Corp.
FOX, Derrill L., Corp.
GAEBBELS, George S., Pvt.
HATCH, Kenneth D., PFC
MAJORS, Robert F., 2nd Lt.
MARTIN, Percy O., Pvt.
NORTON, Walter K., PFC
O'CONNOR, James J., PFC
PEERSON, Roy B., PFC
PETTIT, Paul A., PFC
ROBINSON, Harvey D., Corp.
SCHELLER, Raymond M., PFC
STENBERG, Leroy B., Corp.
THORNTON, Luther L., PlSgt.

PENNSYLVANIA

AGUZZOLI, Mario A., Pvt.
ANGSTADT, Albert S., Pvt.
ARNOLD, Bruce J., PFC
AYERS, Harris C. Jr., Sgt.
BANNON, Thomas L., Pvt.
BARCRY, William G., PFC
BARGER, Ralph C., Pvt.
BENTLEY, John A. Jr., Corp.
BERENDT, Herman E., Corp.
BISSETT, Thomas M., PFC
BIZYOZEZ, Joseph E., PFC
BLACKMAN, Clifford G., Corp.
BONAFIGLIA, Joseph A. Jr., Pvt.
BOYER, Frederick R., PFC
BROWN, Harry W., PFC
BURCHFIELD, Marion C., PFC
BURKE, Francis P., PFC
BURKETT, Arthur G., PFC
BURNS, Thomas J., Corp.
CAIN, Harrison E., PFC
CARDILLO, Erminio F., PFC
CARRIER, Philip N., Sgt.
CHALMERS, Robert C., Pvt.
CHUPCAVICH, John J., Corp.
CICCOCELLI, Alfred J., Pvt.
CLAYTON, Carl J. Sgt.
COLLAR, James C. Pvt.
COLOMBO, Joseph S. Jr., Pvt.
COLTON, George J., Sgt.
CONLEY, Francis, Pvt.
DALY, John J., Corp.
DAUENHAUER, Robert L., Pvt.
DAY, Robert F., Corp.
DEMAIO, Frank, Pvt.
DeMARCO, Charles J. Jr., Pvt.
DERHAMMER, Arling F., Pvt.
DIEFFENDERFER, James H., 2ndLt.
DILLON, James L., PFC
DITORO, Rocco A., Pvt.
DRISCOLL, John J., Pvt.
DUNMIRE, Wilbert E., Pvt.
DUPNOCK, Michael, GySgt.
EMANUEL, Daniel V. Jr., PFC
FAZIO, Edward A., PFC
FEASTER, Dalmas G., Pvt.
FERRARIO, Arthur J., Corp.
FINGAL, William D., PFC
FISHER, James C. Jr., Pvt.
GEHRINGER, Robert J., Pvt.
GEORGE, Frank C. Sr., Pvt.
GRAZIANO, Frank, Pvt.
GREEN, Bernard W., Major
HAGGERTY, Francis J., Pvt.
HAMMOND, Samuel M., Pvt.
HARMON, Samuel F., Pvt.
JAMISON, Bernard L., PFC
JOHNS, E. H. Jr., Pvt.
JONES, Russell C., Sgt.
JUKE, Michael J., PFC
JULIAN, Richard E., PFC
KALLAWAY, Sidney Jr., 1st Lt.
KEMPOWICZ, Zigmond E., PFC
KEMRITE, Luther J., FldM1c
KLAHRE, Palmer L., Corp.
KLEIN, Samuel M., PFC
KLEM, Henry A., Pvt.
KOFOED, John C. Jr., Corp.
KUCIC, Joseph W., Corp.
LANDIS, Ralph A., Pvt.
McANENY, James H., PFC
McELHENY, Robert C., PFC
MANGINI, Peter A. Jr., PFC
MAYER, William, 1st Lt.
MAZZUCA, Francis, PFC
MERCER, William T., PFC
NAULTY, Joseph P., Pvt.
NOBLE, William, Pvt.
OBERHOLTZER, Clair E., PFC
ODONNELL, Thomas J., Pvt.
OLSZEWSKI, Walter H., Sgt.
PENBERTH, John B., PFC
PILATIC, Matthew, Sgt.
PRESCOTT, Donald H., PFC
PUSIEWICZ, Leo S., Corp.
REIMAN, Owen R., PFC
REYNOLDS, James E., Pvt.
RICCIUTO, Michael A., Pvt.
RIGHTS, Richard H., PFC
RIZZO, Pasquale, Pvt.
ROBB, Howard D., Corp.
ROSENQUIST, Harold W., Pvt.
ROUSE, Alexander Jr., Pvt.
RUSEN, Vladimir W., Sgt.
RUSINKO, Joseph W. Jr., Pvt.
RUTTER, John M., Pvt.
RYAN, Edward C., PFC
SATTERTHWAITE, William, 1st Lt.
SCHAPER, Albin L., PFC
STRAIGIS, Robert J., Corp.
STRAUP, Stanley H., Pvt.
STULL, Orman K., Corp.
SUDY, Edward J., PFC
SUTO, Michael R., PFC
SWANEY, John F. Jr., PFC
THEAKSTON, Francis A., Pvt.
TOWNSEND, W. H. P. Jr., Sgt.
WIGGINS, William R., PFC
WILLIS, Charles E., Pvt.
WOOD, George J., PFC
WOOTTEN, James L., PlSgt.
WYANT, William H. Jr., PFC
ZAMBORSKY, Bernard J., PFC
ZETTER, Lawrence J., PFC

RHODE ISLAND

GAUL, James R., Pvt.
GYARMATI, Peter M., PFC
JOHNSON, Robert H. A., Pvt.
KELLY, Joseph H. Jr., Sgt.
POTRZEBA, Eugene J., PFC
RUCH, Charles D., 1st Lt.
SANDERSON, David P. J., PFC
SUNDGREN, Arthur W. Jr., Pvt.
WILBUR, Frank B. Jr., Sgt.

SOUTH CAROLINA

COLE, Pythagoras T., PFC
DICKINSON, Jay F., Pvt.
DUFFIE, Dewey W., PFC
FERRARA, Joseph L., Corp.
JENKINS, Chalmers J., Pvt.
KENNERLY, James K., Pvt.
RICE, Richard W., Pvt.
THOMPSON, James O., PFC
WILSON, Karl D., Corp.

SOUTH DAKOTA

CONNER, William Harold, Pvt.
CROSS, Gordon B., PFC
DRENTTEL, Gordon J., PFC
GARDNER, Richard R., PFC
KOPKE, Howard F., PFC
LONG, Donald W., Pvt.
MITCHELL, Francis E., PFC

TENNESSEE

ASHBURN, James C., Pvt.
CHILTON, Bernard T., Pvt.
CLARK, Frank S., Pvt.
COPPOCK, Cecil A., PFC
CUTRER, Homer L., Pvt.
DRAKE, Burchard J., PlSgt.
ELDRIDGE, William F., GySgt.
FOLEY, James H. Jr., Pvt.
FREE, James E., PFC
JONES, Harry Wilson, 1st Lt.
LYNCH, David L. Jr., 2nd Lt.
McCANN, Raymond, Pvt.
McKEE, Rufus S., Corp.
MUNCY, Charles L., PFC
NEAL, Thomas B., PFC
O'REILLY, Patrick J., PFC
RAY, Wilson E. Sr., PFC
STUBBLEFIELD, James H., PFC
THOMPSON, Vernon B., Pvt.

TEXAS

BARKSDALE, Raymond K., PFC
BLANKS, James M., Sgt.
BONE, Clarence A., PFC
BOPP, George Jr., PFC
BROWN, Theo, PFC
BUTLER, Joe H., FldCk
CALCAGNO, Brazil A., Corp.
CARPERNTER, Sam E., PFC
CONNER, Wilbur L., PFC
CONSTANTIN, E. P. C. III, 2nd Lt.
COOK, Alan B., FldCk
CORDON, Willie E., PFC
CORNELIUS, John M., 2nd Lt.
DANIEL, Robert E., Sgt.
DAWDY, Theodore E., PFC
DODSON, John E. Jr., Sgt.
FARINELLA, Joe C., PFC
FLANERY, C. W. Jr., 1st Lt.
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GAITHER, Jewel W., Corp.
GREGORY, Donald C., PFC
HIGH, James G. Jr., PFC
JACKSON, Duane S., Pvt.
JACKSON, Robert L. Jr., Pvt.
JOHNSTON, Wayne H., Corp.
KARAM, Tony, PFC
KILPATRICK, Fred D., PFC
KIMBRIEL, Thomas M., PFC
LANE, Theo M., Sgt.
LAWSON, Turner P. Jr., PFC
McCALLUM, Bryan Jr., Pvt.
McCLENDON, Roy L., Sgt.
MARSHALL, Raymond M., PlSgt.
MITCHELL, Arthur A., PFC
MITCHELL, Clinton W., Corp.
NETTLES, Edward C., PFC
NOREN, Jack M., PFC
PARRA, Ismael, Pvt.
PASSMORE, James D., PFC
PEAVY, Howard L., PFC
PETERS, John G., PFC
PONDER, T. J. Jr., Pvt.
RATCLIFF, Thomas J., Pvt.
RAY, Kenneth A., PFC
RAYMOND, Warren H., GySgt.
RICE, Russell C., PFC
RICHARD, John H., Pvt.
ROBINSON, Clarence L., ACk
ROTE, Jack T. Jr., Corp.
SCHIFFERDECKER, W. C., PFC
SHOPTAW, Roy L. Jr., Pvt.
STONE, Odis, Corp.
THORNTON, George P., PFC
TISDALE, Joe U., PFC
TONN, William D., PFC
TROUT, Charles W., 1st Lt.
TURMAN, Walter J., Corp.
UNDERWOOD, Warner R., Pvt.
WHERRY, John H., GySgt.
WIDNER, William E., Sgt.
WILSON, Charley A., Pvt.
WILSON, Orville W., Corp.
WISEMAN, William R., 1st Lt.
WRIGHT, Billie R., Corp.
YANOUSHEK, Edmund R., GySgt.

UTAH

BURNSIDE, Francis A., Pvt.
GRIBBLE, Jesse W., Pvt.
HARNER, Donald J., Sgt.
McKISSICK, John L., Pvt.

VERMONT

CAPLAN, Myron I., Pvt.
GORTON, Ernest J., Corp.
GRAY, Lawrence E. Jr., Pvt.
MARTIN Stephen, PFC
POWELL, Charles F. Jr., Pvt.
ROULEAU, Henry F., PFC

VIRGINIA

ANDERSON, Willie C., PFC
BUTTNER, Arthur F. Jr., PFC
COLE, Frank L., Pvt.
COUNCIL, Carlyle J., Corp.
FORREST, John R., Pvt.
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HAMPTON, Robert, Corp.
JOHNSON, Henry C., Sgt.
LAMBERT, James H., PFC
QUINTAL, George D., Pvt.
RANSON, Wilbur L., PFC
RICKETTS, Edward G., Corp.
ROBINSON, Cecil Jr., Pvt.
ROYSTON, Conrad L., Corp.
RUSS, Arlin E., Pvt.
SCHNEIDER, Robert J., Pvt.
SCOTT, Dewis W., TSgt.
SMITH, Alton B., Pvt.
THOMPSON, Homer L., Pvt.
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MINER, Jack E., Corp.
NUNLEY, Leonard E., Pvt.
OLSON, Kenneth J., PFC
POLLOCK, James M., Pvt.
POLLOCK, Wesley L., ACk
PORTER, John V., Corp.
ROBBIE, Paul E., Pvt.
THORNTON, Preston R., Pvt.
WINGERTER, Sebastian, PFC
WISNIEWSKI, Edwin F., PFC

WEST VIRGINIA

AYERS, Leonard, Corp.
BIAS, Kermit L., PFC
BOONE, Ralph L., Pvt.
BURGESS, Eugene D., Corp.
CARPENTER, Paul J., 1stSgt.
CATALANO, Nicholas G., PFC
ESKINS, Warren M., Sgt.
FERRIS, Felix, PFC
GODDARD, Berlyn H., Sgt.
HABAK, John, PFC
JONES, James C. Jr., TSgt.
LOWE, Bill J., PFC
McCRAY, Charles R., PFC
MARKOS, Manuel, PFC
MIKULICH, Steve M., Sgt.
MOORE, Cletis O., PFC
NEWMAN, John B., ACk
O'NEILL, Robert T., PFC
PETRY, Lonnie L., Pvt.
SWEENEY, James S., Sgt.
WHITE, Carl R., PFC

WISCONSIN

AMRIEN, Emil, Pvt.
BARRETT, Charles J., PFC
BENNETT, Sam K. Jr., Pvt.
BROWN, Walter L. Jr., Pvt.
BUSHAW, Ray E., Sgt.
CAMPBELL, Murdock A., Pvt.
CARPIAUX, Richard J., PFC
CHRISTIAN, Wayne G., Pvt.
CICHOCKI, George E., Pvt.
COLLINS, Walter W., PFC
CROWE, Russell W., Pvt.
CUNNINGHAM, Richard D., Pvt.
CYRUS, Lewis M., Pvt.
DIETZLER, Sylvester L., Corp.
DOERS, Lonnie E., Pvt.
FEMAL, Harry R., PFC
FERRARI, Richard, Corp.
FITZGERALD, Charles L., Sgt.
GEAR, Duane, Pvt.
GUSE, Clifford R., Pvt.
HANSEN, John S. Jr., Pvt.
IGNATOWSKI, Ralph A., Pvt.
JACOBSON, Harley F., PFC
JENSEN, Melvin G., Corp.
KASEMODEL, Donald E., Sgt.
KIRCH, Harold R., Corp.
MAJERKO, Irving W., PFC
MEX, Paul W., PFC
NUTHALS, Floyd J., PFC
OLSON, Gilbert S., Pvt.
PISCHKE, Gordon W., PFC
RAUSCH, Carl A. Jr., PFC
RITCHIE, William A., PFC
SCHWANKE, Roland J., Pvt.
SHOREY, John A., Pvt.
STARK, August L., Corp.
SUCHARSKY, John E., PFC
TELLIER, Joseph D., GySgt.
TIMMERMAN, Elton W., Pvt.
TYNER, Donald B., PFC
ULMER, Dewayne E., Pvt.
WEISS, John C., Corp.
WELLMAN, Stanley O., Pvt.

WYOMING

BROWN, Hugh E. Jr., Corp.
JOHNSON, Willard C., TSgt.

MISSING

ALABAMA

BLANKENHORN, Jack S., PFC
WRIGHT, Daniel W., Corp.

ARKANSAS

BROWN, James L., 1st Lt.

CALIFORNIA

BUHLER, Wilbert E., Corp.
COWELL, Roy T., Sgt.
DAVIES, Lem Jr., PFC
GASTINEAU, Everett R., PFC
MANAHAN, John P., PFC
MARLOW, Joseph, Sgt.
MURRAY, Edward F., 1st Lt.
PERILLI, William R., Sgt.
PETERSEN, George S. Jr., 1st Lt.
TESTERMAN, Donald C., PFC
SCHLEMM, Harry R., TSgt.
SHERRY, Robert C. B., 2nd Lt.
WELCH, Calvin L., PFC

FLORIDA

CRENSHAW, Woodrow W., Pvt.
HERRIN, Douglas H., 2nd Lt.
VAN VLEET, William E., PFC

GEORGIA

ALDREDGE, Richard R., Pvt.
AVERA, William H., Corp.
FOLKER, Wiles E., Pvt.
JARRELL, John F. Jr., 1st Lt.

IDAHO

ANDERSEN, Calvin L., PFC
CARTNEY, Ira F., 2nd Lt.

ILLINOIS

EHRENHAFT, E. J. Jr., PFC
HAGEN, Warren H., Sgt.
HANSEN, Christen, PFC
JARVIS, John H., PFC
KARL, George S. Jr., 2nd Lt.
KUCHYAK, Frank L., Corp.
PAPALEO, John F., Corp.
PAVLICA, Frank G., TSgt.
PAVLOVSKY, Jerry V., MTSgt.
PEASE, Albert L., Pvt.
REUCK, Roy A., PFC
SCHMITT, John T., PFC
WALDMAN, Melvin, 2nd Lt.
WATSON, Paul W., PFC

INDIANA

CROSSON, Charles S., PFC

KANSAS

CRULL, Daniel R., PFC
JAMESON, Charles R., 1st Lt.
KELLY, John D., FldM1c

KENTUCKY

BRUMBACK, Leonard I., PlSgt.
ROBINSON, Jack, PFC

MASSACHUSETTS

BRENNION, Joseph J., PFC

MICHIGAN

AGBAY, Henry, Pvt.
KLUMP, Elmer E., PFC
ROBERTSON, James G., PFC

MINNESOTA

GARLOCK, John L., 2nd Lt.
GENAUST, William H., Sgt.
PETERSON, Raymond S., PFC

MISSOURI

MARSHMAN, Robert L., Corp.

MONTANA

SKREDERSTU, F. G. Jr., 2nd Lt.

NEBRASKA

CAMPBELL, William W., 2nd Lt.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

JONES, Gordon C., PFC

NEW JERSEY

RUBY, David G., PFC
RUE, Charles T., 2nd Lt.
TRUAX, James W., GySgt.

NEW YORK

DAY, Richard M., Major
DEAN, Patrick J., Pvt.
KUPERWASSER, Abraham, Corp.
MOFFATT, B. C. Jr., PlSgt.
TENEBRUSO, Samuel, Pvt.

NORTH CAROLINA

ELMORE, Richard, Pvt.
OFFMAN, David W., Corp.

OHIO

AUMAN, Earl J., SSgt.
GARLITZ, Harvey M., Pvt.
McLAUGHLIN, Thornton W., PFC
YANKEWICZ, William, Pvt.

OKLAHOMA

McKEE, Dale, PFC
TRENTHAM, Harold E., Corp.

OREGON

ENOUF, Raymond L., PFC
O'CONNOR, James J., PFC

PENNSYLVANIA

DOLBIER, Paul E. H., PlSgt.
GODEK, Stanley E., PFC
MIKULA, Frank J., PFC
POLINSKY, Peter, Pvt.

TEXAS

CARGILL, Irby G., Pvt.
DOTY, Donald R., Pvt.
REYNOLDS, William G., Pvt.

UTAH

SWENSON, William R., 1st Lt.
WIXSON, Joseph W., PFC

WASHINGTON

CRAIN, Clinton E., SSgt.

WEST VIRGINIA

ARNDT, Augustus L., Capt.

WISCONSIN

ERDMAN, Arthur A., Corp.

Casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to next of kin from December 7, 1941, through June 15, 1945, to 57,082, which breaks down by classification as follows:

Dead	*15,817*
Wounded	*38,486*
Missing	*901*
Prisoners of War	*1878*
Total	*57,082*

Gertie's Guam Campaign

Gertie in the drink at Guam. Yes, none other than the international glamor gal, Gertrude Lawrence, who visited island to entertain Marines there. Did the boys go for Gertie? See adjoining story

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, the well-established favorite of London, New York and Noel Coward's memoirs, came to Guam not long ago for a brief campaign. Historically, Miss L.'s invasion was significant as the first defeat the Marines have suffered in the Pacific.

You can't exactly blame the troops for putting up some fairly stiff resistance to the celebrated star's roadshow. After all, this has been a very long war and the boys have sweated out an awful lot of accordion soloists and guys who do imitations of famous people. And Miss L. *did* bring along an accordion soloist and a guy who did imitations of famous people. That's a tactical error in the Pacific these days, like waving a Nip flag over Suribachi.

In addition to that, there had been no pre-invasion softening up by the USO propaganda guns. This left Miss L. to start from scratch because, unfortunately, her international reputation as a wit, satirist and part-time genius had failed to penetrate all sectors of the Pacific. (We don't get the *Times* drama section out here as regularly as we'd like to.) And many of the troops figured, from the first quick look at the opening ensemble, that this was going to be another one of those shows which are referred to by the more snobbishly-intellectual peons as Strictly From Grable.

Just to give you an idea, on the way to the theater area, the following conversation was jotted down hastily in shorthand:

"Who's this Lawrence babe? I never see her in no moom pitchers."

"I don't think she ever made the grade. I think she's in vaudeville or something."

"Vaudeville? Vaudeville's dead."

"Yeah. That's probably how come she's over here in the first place."

No, reverence for Miss L.'s well-known talents definitely was lacking on Guam. And the skeptical attitude wasn't helped a bit when Miss L. made her initial appearance on the stage in an old raincoat to join the rest of her troupe in a vocal rendition of a specially-tailored ditty with the unfortunate title of "We'd Rather Be Over Here Than Over There." Anyone who talks like that in the Pacific is considered either crazy or a snow artist. The crowd listened in cold silence.

When the song had ended, Miss L. studied her silent audience a moment, then stepped up to the amplifier and said: "I *do* mean that we'd rather be over here than over there."

A low, dull rumbling sound came from the crowd. "That is," Miss L. added, pleasantly, "for a few weeks or so."

The rumbling sound died momentarily. She disappeared backstage and presently came out wearing a dazzling creation which featured a bare midriff. Miss L. pirouetted a couple times so that everybody could see every angle and then she stepped quickly up to the amplifier again.

"All right, boys, let's all give with the good old wolf call together and get it over with. One, two three . . ."

Then, she bayed into the night like a wolf, and in a minute everybody was baying with her. It was a sort of community wolf call, probably heard all the way to Saipan.

"There!" said Miss L. brightly, when it was over. "Now I feel *so* liberated."

She paused, slapped at a mosquito on her bare midriff and said: "You lucky, *lucky* little mosquito!"

The rumbling sound was not as distinct as it had been.

"Now," said Miss L. "Just in case you fellows named Joe — and you all *are* named Joe, aren't you? — were wondering, no I *haven't* just signed a contract with MGM (that's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, you know) before leaving the States. I feel awfully embarrassed about it, but I simply neglected to do it."

The peons took this news in shocked silence. After all, she was the first female entertainer who had ever shown up in the Pacific without signing a contract with MGM just before leaving the States. It was hard to believe.

Then Miss L. started to sing a song. It was difficult to tell for a moment what the song was going to be about because first, an MP came down to the front row and started a long conversation with a sergeant who was wanted somewhere and who didn't want to leave the front row. Miss L. finally stopped her song, put her hands on her hips and called to the MP: "Maybe *I* could go instead?"

Shortly, the MP and the sergeant left, and Miss L. bravely began her song again. This time a heated discussion about something arose in the seventh row, left of center. It grew louder, so Miss L. stopped again and glared at the seventh row, left of center and said: "All right boys — I'll wait for *you*, if you'll promise to wait for *me*. Okay?"

Then, with things finally squared away at last, Miss L. proceeded to sing her song which was all about a very sexy girl in a USO show who throws her sex around lavishly and coyly coos: "But what can poor little *me* do for you boys?"

The audience was getting fairly quiet now. Only a small pocket of hecklers were conducting guerrilla warfare in scattered positions.

Every few minutes Miss L. did the bumps. She did them reluctantly and with effort but she did them. Finally she took off in a series of a half dozen bumps, paused and in a tired, discouraged voice said: "There — isn't that about the regulation number of those things? Does anyone mind if I drop the whole thing and get on with the show?"

Just then a uniformed stage hand walked over, pushing a big board which was to be part of a community songfest that Miss L. intended to conduct. In a sort of impulsive gesture of reward, Miss L. kissed him.

Immediately the night shook with injured screams of the peons out front. "How about *us!*" they roared. "How about *us!*"

Miss L. gazed thoughtfully at them for a moment. Then she pointed at someone in the front row and said:

"All right, you on the end. How about it?"

After that, Miss L. was completely in charge. Nobody left the area. Nobody heckled any more. The place was definitely secured.

And, to quote a PFC as he left the place after the show was over (this was hastily scribbled in shorthand again):

"This Lawrence has really got something. She should go places. What she needs is somebody to push her. Like Mike Jacobs, say, or maybe Major Bowes."

SGT. DUANE DECKER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

The Man Who Came To Dinner

"The Man Who Came to Dinner" went to Guam.

The Broadway play that scored such a hit on Broadway with Monte Woolley in the starring role, was presented for the entertainment of Marines stationed on the island. Moss Hart, famed playwright, took over Woolley's old part and when it turned out that there were a few extra players needed — Marines filled in. They played their parts in prison clothes.

Among the civilians in the cast was a former Marine PFC who served with the Third Marines before getting his discharge — T. F. Leavitt of Brookline, Mass.

Marines took extra parts (note prison garb) when play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," visited Guam

ANN MILLER — *Her musical background helped her attain perfect rhythm for dancing*

So Sorry, Soji . . .

BUT THE STUDYING SHOULD HAVE BEEN DONE BEFORE THE SHELLS CAME!

SUPERIOR PVT. SOJI IS NOT SO SUPERIOR NOW.

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Leatherneck SPORTS

Edited by Sgt. Ernie Harwell

Poffenberger shows Corps

CLETUS (BOOTS) POFFENBERGER, ex-Detroit and Brooklyn pitcher, is at ease overseas. He has been since he enlisted in the Marines more than two years ago.

"If only I had this sort of training and disciplining years ago," said Boots at a base somewhere in the Pacific, "there's no telling how far I would have gone in the big league."

Poffenberger, a private first class who is handling the pitching staff for a Marine team, has had his temper tempered in his two years in the service and he says that's good.

"What a difference it's made in my attitude," he said.

The 30-year-old former big leaguer doesn't think his age will be a handicap in peacetime baseball. He reports himself in the finest physical condition of his life.

"I'm only 190 pounds now," he said.

"When I pitched ball in peacetime I was always up around 220. That was too much weight for me to carry."

Poffenberger admits he never owned a fast ball and still hasn't one.

"But," he said, "I think I'm smarter than I was two years ago and I don't think I need one. I've added a few more pitches and I believe I'll be able to fool even the best hitters with 'em."

Before coming overseas, Poffenberger pitched for the Parris Island baseball team. In two seasons at the training base he won 33 games while losing only seven.

"It was during my first season at Parris Island that I discovered how much better I could pitch with my weight down and spirits up," he said.

Boots is the property of the San Diego club of the Pacific Coast League. He will return to his club after the war. In 1942, while pitching for San Diego, Boots also showed himself to be something of a clouter, ranking third in the league standings with a smart .343 average for the season. He went to bat 67 times and came through with 23 hits, one of them being a homer. He drove in 14 runs.

Poffenberger got in 38 games as a hurler, was credited with 41 assists, and ended the year with an .882 average.

Recently Hugh Casey. a former teammate of Poffenberger's in Brooklyn, and now a Navy Chief Specialist, said he never saw Boots looking better.

Poffenberger's wife, Josephine Mabel, is a Red Cross worker in Washington, D. C. Prior to his entry into the service they made their home at Williamsport, Md.

Hurler Yankee Fans will love

The New York Yankees may not know it, but there is a 23-year-old right hander serving with Marines at a Pacific base who should be ready for immediate post-war delivery to them.

He is Corporal Bob Revels of Sarasota, Fla., who was scheduled to report to the Newark Bears of the International League in the spring of 1943. Instead, he enlisted October 12, 1942.

Revels has pitched in six games to date against powerful navy and army opposition and won five of them. In 45 innings of pitching, Revels had given up 29 hits and only eight runs had been earned off his offerings.

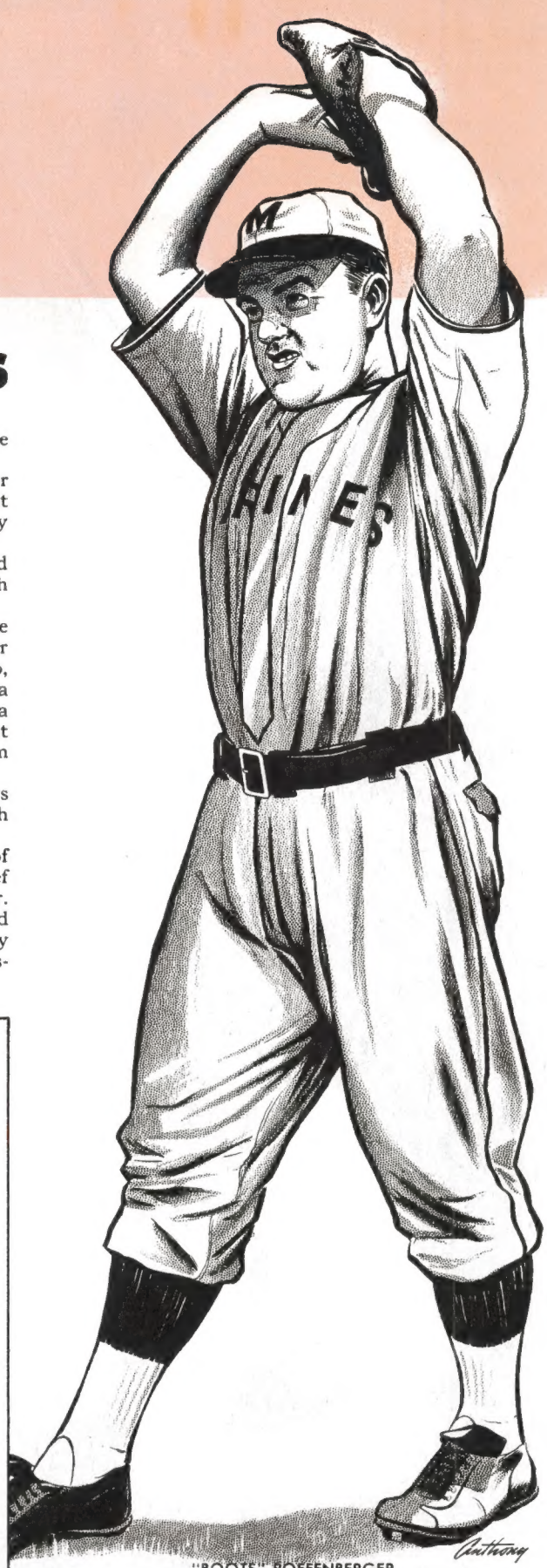
Johnny Nee, Yankee scout for the southeastern United States, discovered Revels when the latter was pitching for a semi-pro team in Florida. Nee was impressed by Revels' fast ball and his good change of pace.

Revels is six feet-one inch tall and weighs 200 pounds. He is a powerful hitter, capable of lifting the ball over even the farthest of fences. This is sufficient to make any Yankee Stadium fan happy.

While a member of the championship Parris Island teams in 1943, and 1944, Revels won 21 games and lost three the first season, and triumphed 17 times against four setbacks last year. Both years Revels and Boots Poffenberger, the latter his PI hurling mate, met the best competition in that section. Among victims were teams representing the Naval Air Station at Jacksonville, Fla.; Charleston, N. C., Navy Yard, Marine Detachment and Charleston Army Air Base.

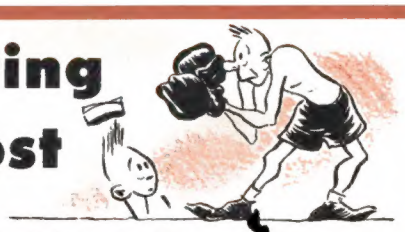
In two of the biggest games of the 1944 season, Revels and Poffenberger teamed to beat the Charleston Air Base nine in both ends of a double bill. Revels won the opener, 16 to 2, and Boots took night-cap, 7 to 1.

TSGT. BILL GOODWIN
USMC Combat Correspondent



"BOOTS" POFFENBERGER
Still mowing them down

Fighting Ghost



WHEN the fighters for the second bout were introduced, the boyish looking redhead in the next seat was visibly startled.

"It can't be, it just can't be!" he almost shouted. Then he muttered, as if to himself, "It's a ghost."

The Marine in the ring didn't look like a ghost. The announcer had given his name: Private First Class Red Palmer of Soda Springs, Idaho, representing an engineer battalion. He was a wiry lad of 140 pounds. The kid in the next seat was carrot-topped, but Palmer's hair was the kind that sends fanatical fire-worshippers to their knees in reverence.

He didn't fight like a ghost, either, although his opponent may not have been able to see him after a short while. Yet the kid in the next seat still wasn't convinced.

"That can't be Palmer, I'm telling you," he said. "Palmer is dead. I saw him die."

He took his eyes from the ring and turned his chair.

"Look, my name is Mac — and the boys over at the Pioneers 'll tell you I'm not cracked. That guy up there isn't Palmer and I'll tell you why."

On D Day at Peleliu (Mac's story went) the shells were flying thick and fast and he crawled into a shell hole. Well, there was this red-headed Joe who called himself Palmer. And it felt mighty good to have another Marine nearby.

"I guess we can't see anything here," Palmer said, finally, "let's move up."

The men hardly were out of the shellhole when a mortar shell burst near them. Mac was dazed, but uninjured. Then he saw his new buddy on his back. The coral around the body was dark red. Mac carried him into the shellhole, poured his last drops of water into Palmer's face. No sign of life. He checked Red's dog tags and left.

"I was with him five minutes and he never so much as groaned," Mac concluded his story. "He was dead. So that guy up there isn't Palmer."

After the fight, Mac went along to the recreation tent. Palmer didn't recognize him right away. But when Mac spoke of Peleliu, Red grinned. The grin made him look younger than his 19 years.

"I've been a-wonderin' what happened to me," he said. "All I know is I woke up on the hospital ship, and it took the docs a month to get the shrapnel out of my back. All they could tell me when I got back to the outfit here is that I was reported missing in action."

Suddenly worry flooded Red's eyes.

"You say you checked my dog tags? Look, Mac. We're buddies, see? But if you tell anyone my first name is Journal, I'll whup the daylights out of you."

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USMC Combat Correspondent

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